

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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ATTACK ON THE SUGAR STEAMER EMPIRE PARISH BY GUERRILLAS.

A few days after Gen. Grover had occupied Baton Rouge, the guerillas made a daring attack upon one of the sugar steamers called the Empire Parish, while she was tied up at the landing taking in her cargo, 44 miles below Baton Rouge. The attack was so sudden that the first impulse of Mr. Reid, the agent for the vessel, was to get into shelter, but recovering his presence of mind he gave orders to cut the boat loose from the moorings, which was done with great expedition. When our

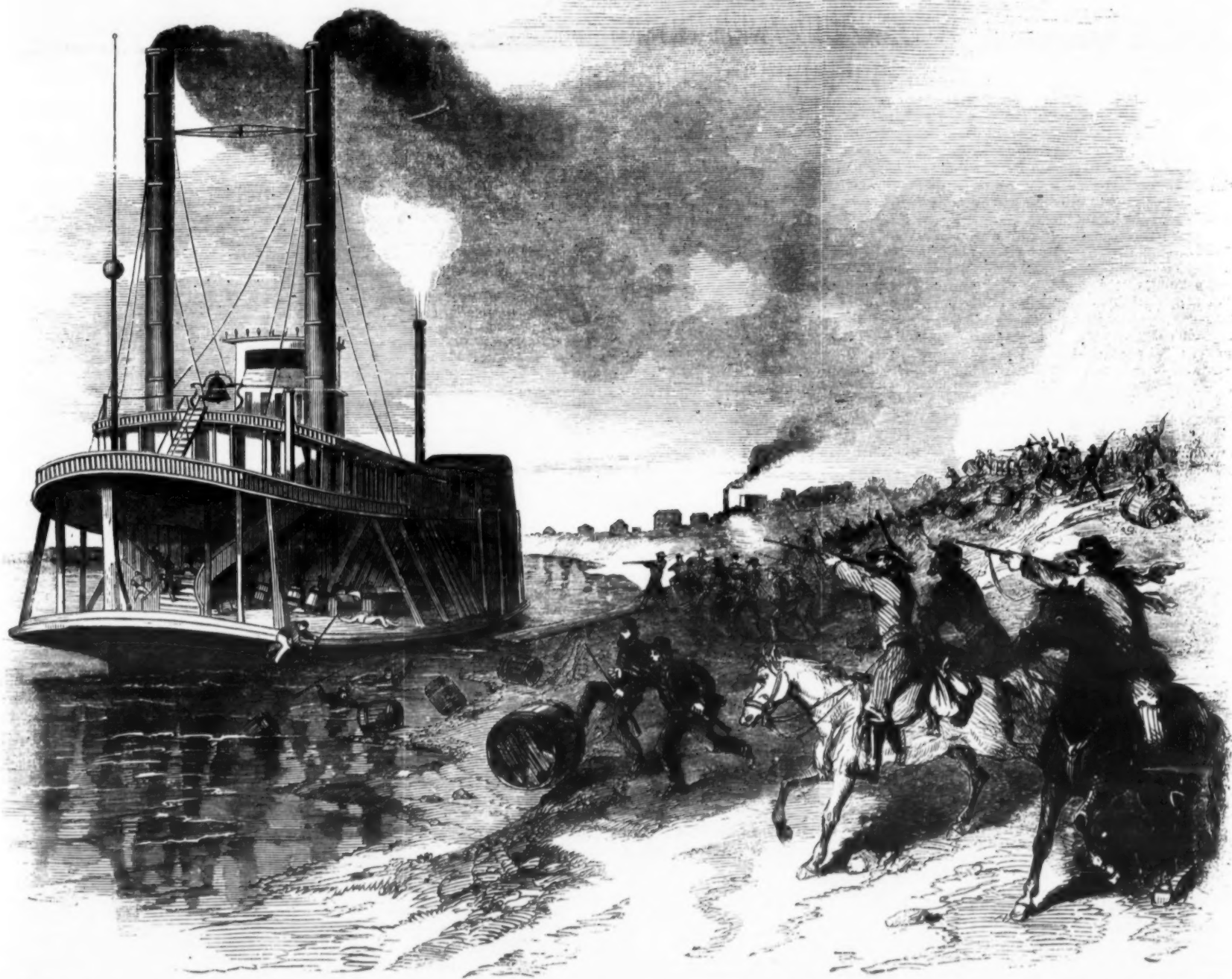
Artist visited the vessel he found her completely riddled with bullets; the pilot-house had been especially fired at, and had not the crew taken shelter behind the sugar hogsheads all would have been killed.

The escape of the boat from capture was miraculous, and great credit is due the officers and men on board, for the able manner in which they succeeded in getting her safely out of reach of the guerillas. The captain compliments all hands for their bravery, energy and promptness, and the history of these terrible times presents few such examples of devotion as that shown by the assistant engineer,

Chris. McGill, who fell at his post. He died a martyr to his fidelity to those who had employed and trusted him. When he discovered the guerillas on shore, he sprang to his engine for the purpose of letting on steam. He was hailed from the shore, and told that if he attempted to start the boat he would be killed. He persisted and was saluted with a volley of bullets, one taking effect in the forward part of his face, breaking his nose; another inflicting a severe and probably fatal wound in the hip. He then staggered over to the other side of the boat to inform the chief engineer, who was on duty at the other engine, of what had hap-

pened. He was just shaking hands with his friend and trying to tell him that he was mortally wounded, when another ball passed through his heart, and he died instantly.

Most of the parties on board protected themselves by dodging behind the sugar hogsheads, and Mr. Reid was advised to seek the same protection, but refused to avail himself of it, and was consequently badly wounded, and, we understand, that he now lies in a very critical condition. His wounds are quite serious. Mr. Reid is a son, we believe, of the celebrated Capt. Reid, late of the United States Navy, whose name was rendered historical in con-



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—SUDDEN AND DARING ATTACK BY REBEL GUERRILLAS, LED BY CAPT. TALBOT, ON THE SUGAR STEAMER EMPIRE PARISH, AT THE LANDING, 44 MILES BELOW BATON ROUGE. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.

nection with the privateer Gen. Armstrong, during the last war with Great Britain. He has been for some time engaged in commercial business in this city, and is agent for the Marion and other New York steamers.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Reid is recovering from his wounds.

Barnum's American Museum.

MISS LAVINIA WARREN, the exquisitely interesting little **QUEEN OF BEAUTY**, 21 years old, only 32 inches high, and weighing but 30 pounds, yet of model form and great beauty; is to be seen at all hours, with **C. M. NUTT**, and other curiosities. **SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES** daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE.....PROPRIETOR.
E. G. SQUIER.....EDITOR.

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Summary of the Week.

CAPTURE OF ARKANSAS POST.

THE Union arms have met with a great success on the Arkansas river. After the defeat at Vicksburg, Gen. McClelland, who had assumed chief command, planned the capture of Arkansas Post, a very strong position on the first bluff up the Arkansas river, and 70 miles from its junction with the Mississippi. This being the highway to Little Rock, the capital of the State, was garrisoned by 7,000 troops, and being on one of the sharp bends of the river, the guns of the fort that had been erected at that point could easily have swept from the waters any vessel that might attempt to pass up the stream. The levee formed a kind of ready-made breastwork for riflemen and others, who would have soon cleared the decks of any small vessels—and large ones could not have ascended the river—of any number of men attempting to man the guns. Thus it would have appeared to have been an impossibility for our troops to have reached the capital of Arkansas from the Mississippi river while the rebels held the position. A square fort, with bastions, had been erected, and was fitted up with nine guns, four of which were 32-pounders, one 100-pound Parrott gun, and the remainder of good size. All these, with a large quantity of munitions of war, have fallen into our hands.

After leaving the mouth of the Yazoo, the fleet, under the command of Gen. McClelland and Admiral Porter, slowly and leisurely steamed up the Mississippi river to Montgomery's Point, at the mouth of the White river, and arrived there on the 9th January, being just one week in making 210 miles. At Milliken's Bend, where such a large supply of dry wood was obtained in going down, another similar supply was taken in by the fleet.

The expedition was next divided into two parts or army corps, one being under the command of Gen. G. W. Morgan, the other under command of Gen. W. T. Sherman, but both under the supreme command of Major-Gen. McClelland, Commander-in-Chief of the "Army of the Mississippi." One of these two army corps went up the White river, while the other took the route up to the Arkansas river, both forces co-operating in the vicinity of the rebel position at Arkansas Post. The naval forces were under the chief command of Admiral Porter, of the Mississippi fleet.

On Friday, Jan. 9, our gunboats commenced a heavy cannonade, while the land forces debarked two miles below, and took up a position in the rear of the defences. The main fort, which is very strong, surrendered on Sunday, the 11th of Jan., after a desperate defence. Six rebel regiments were captured then, and two Texan regiments, which came the next day to reinforce the place, fell also into our hands, making in all 7,000 prisoners, 9 pieces of artillery and an immense stock of ammunition. The loss in killed and wounded was about 500 of the rebels and 200 of the Union troops. The Lexington, gunboat, had four men killed.

Arkansas Post was settled by the French in 1685, and was for many years the depositary for all the peltries of this region. Arkansas county is situated in the east-south-eastern portion of the State, and contains 1,200 square miles, or 768,000 acres. It is intersected by the river of its own name, and the White river flows along its eastern border.

The surface of the country is generally level, and some valuable prairie land is in the vicinity, about one-third of the county being occupied by a portion of the grand prairie, which is the largest in the State. The soil of this part is very fertile, and adapted to the culture of both corn and cotton. The rivers are navigable for flat-bottomed steamboats during the greater part of the year. Arkansas county had in 1860 a population of 8,844, of whom 3,923 were white, and 4,921 were slaves. Of the free, 2,094 were males, and 1,829 were females. Of the negroes, 2,603 were males, and 2,318 females. It will thus plainly appear that the garrison was not supplied from the county only in which the fortifications were built, although doubtless all the able-bodied males were conscripted by the rebels.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Empire Brigade, Gen. Spinola, and another brigade have arrived at Newbern to reinforce Gen. Foster. When his force is completed, it will be called the 18th Army Corps, and will number over 40,000 men.

NEW ORLEANS.

We have advices from New Orleans to the 8th inst., by the arrival at this port of the steamship *Illinois*. Most of Gen. Banks's troops had arrived, and had been sent to Baton Rouge. Nothing was known regarding his plans, but he was not idle. We receive by this arrival further particulars of the affair at Galveston, but the facts are very nearly as before reported. Admiral Farragut had sent the Brooklyn, the Sciota and half a dozen others of his best vessels to recapture the Harriet Lane at all hazards, and, if possible, to destroy the rebel gunboats, but nothing had been heard of the expedition in New Orleans at the time the *Illinois* left.

A correspondent at New Orleans writes, under date of Jan. 3, that the advance of Gen. Banks from Baton Rouge would not probably take place before the 20th Jan., as the preparations necessary for the reduction of the formidable rebel entrenchments could not possibly be completed before that time.

TENNESSEE.

From Nashville we hear that on the 13th Jan. Gen. Wheeler, with 4,000 rebels and 12 pieces of light artillery, attacked our relief and store ships coming up the Cumberland river, and succeeded in capturing five store-ships and the gunboat *Slidell*. Several of the boats contained wounded soldiers, who, in jumping from them while burning, were shot in the water. The negro crews were stripped of their clothing, tied to trees, cowhided and left to starve on shore. The boats were all anchored in midchannel and burned, after being robbed of valuables. The officers and soldiers were stripped of clothing, placed on shore and paroled.

Despite the glowing eulogiums passed by Jefferson Davis upon Gen. Bragg for his "glorious victory" of Murfreesboro', as the rebel chief termed it, was so unsatisfactory that he has been superseded by Gen. Longstreet, who, with 13 brigades, taken from the army under Gen. Lee, had arrived. The rebel forces are now under Longstreet's command at Chattanooga. It is said they number 50,000 men, and that a battle between them and Rosecrans may be looked for very soon.

MISSOURI.

On the 7th Jan. a rebel force of 6,000 men, under Gen. Marmaduke, had, by a forced march of 80 miles, the last 50 of which they accomplished in 23 hours, advanced upon Springfield, and without giving notice to allow the removal of women and children, commenced to fire upon the town. Gen. Brown, who was there with about 2,600 men, made so gallant a defence that the enemy were repulsed. Upon Gen. Brown having his arm carried away by a shot, Col. Crabbe, of the 19th regt., succeeded to the command, and completed the victory. The Union loss was 17 killed and about 80 wounded; the rebel loss unknown. They left 35 of their dead in our hands. The enemy retired with precipitation, and by the last accounts Gen. Curtis had sent three columns of troops to pursue them. The 3d and 4th Michigan cavalry and the 18th Iowa regiments particularly distinguished themselves. The battle lasted 13 hours.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

By the capture of a dispatch-box from the rebel Government, while on its way to Europe, the public has been put in possession of some curious and authentic information as to the condition of affairs in the South. A long dispatch from Mr. Benjamin, Davis's Secretary of State, to Mr. Slidell in Paris, details to the latter what are regarded by the rebel Government as conclusive evidences of French interference to procure the separation of Texas from the "Confederacy." It may be that Mr. Benjamin has discovered one of those ornithological phenomena called "mare's nests;" but he is nevertheless in earnest, and deeply alarmed, to the extent of ordering the French consuls at Galveston and Richmond to

leave the country, and to the extent also of urging on Messrs. Mason and Slidell to communicate the facts to the Government of Great Britain, with a view to obtain its concurrence in defeating the scheme of Louis Napoleon.

Mr. Benjamin suspects that "the Emperor of the French has determined to conquer and hold Mexico as a colony, and is desirous of interposing a weak power between his new colony and the Confederate States, in order that he may feel secure against any interference with his designs on Mexico." This is not an improbable conjecture, and may be taken as indicating what would be the policy of foreign nations towards the parts of a disrupted Union. It is a policy which would be practised towards the South as well as the North, and shows with what eagerness and impatience the vultures of Europe are waiting to prey on the fragments of a country which, as a whole, commanded respect and inspired a wholesome fear.

Another dispatch from Mr. Benjamin to Mr. Slidell, evidently intended to be communicated to foreign governments, contains a summary of what are called "Confederate successes" during the summer and fall campaigns, which are represented as unbroken triumphs for the rebel arms. It is in the florid Southern style, and its facts are of the sort born of fervid Southern imaginations. Mr. Slidell is told that the losses sustained by the National armies during these campaigns are unparalleled in history, except by "the disastrous retreat from Moscow." These losses, "without any pretension to exact accuracy," are put at 349,500. Why Mr. Benjamin hesitated to put it at the exact round number of 350,000 is not clear, except on the supposition that, notwithstanding his modest disclaimer, he did really aspire to "exact accuracy." After this statement, no one will be surprised to learn that the battle of Antietam is claimed as a splendid Southern victory, in which the National troops were "completely driven from the field."

We have heard a great deal about rebel iron-clads sitting out in England, and some timid people have had their apprehensions aroused lest they might some day slip into New York or Boston, and lay these cities under contribution. The fact that George Sanders, as appears from the intercepted papers, is the contractor for these vessels, will go far to allay these fears.

And while on personalities, it appears that Mr. Edwin De Leon, our late Consul-General in Egypt, is the commissioned ambassador of the rebels to that great power, the Press of Europe. Mr. Benjamin informs him under date of Dec. 13, that he hopes to send him some money soon, which will enable him to "embrace the press of Central Europe in his campaign." There are few able or better men in the rebel service than Mr. De Leon, and he will achieve more for Mr. Benjamin than pompous Mason or intriguing Slidell. Mr. James Spence, of Liverpool, whose disinterested advocacy of the South through the press is somewhat notorious, it turns out is the "financial agent" of the Confederacy in England, "which accounts for the milk in that cocoa-nut."

One of the most significant features of the dispatches of Mr. Memminger, the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, is the complete confession of Southern financial disability. He has nothing wherewith to pay for what is wanted from Europe. In a letter to Mr. Spence he states that he has \$2,000,000 in gold and silver, but fears to attempt to send it abroad, lest, probably, it should be unable to slip through the "inefficient blockade." The manner in which he proposes to use it, however, is ingenious, and exhibits a perfect reliance on the co-operation of the Government of Great Britain in his favor. He proposes to Mr. Spence to make purchases against it, by which operation it will become the property of British subjects, whom, he has no doubt, "the British Government would permit one of its vessels to take it over for them." If this device would apply to gold and silver, why not equally to cotton, turpentine, tobacco or any other property which might, by a similar operation, become the property of British subjects? No! Mr. Memminger, British war vessels will not be permitted to evade the legitimate effects of a blockade any more than British merchantmen. The Treasurer has another device for raising money, by means of cotton bonds; whereby cotton is to be hypothecated at the rate of ten cents per pound, and the bonds sold at 50 per cent. on their face, the cotton to be delivered at the Gulf ports whenever demanded by the holder of the bonds, or within six months after the establishment of peace, and meantime to bear interest at six per cent. These bonds would be called Down East, a "rather risky investment."

It was Marshal Saxe who said: "We should know how to profit by victory, and not merely rest content, as many do, with holding possession of the field of battle." This military axiom does not seem to have been acted on by the Generals, North or South, during this war. The rebels failed to follow up Bull Run; we allowed them to get un molested out of Maryland, after Antietam. The retreat of Bragg from Murfreesboro', after all, can hardly have been so very "morbish" as it was said to be. They seem to have carried everything with them that belonged to themselves, except their wounded left at Murfreesboro', and also to have carried off everything that they captured from us in the way of prisoners, guns and small arms. We shall hope that our Generals will come to study well and settle firmly in their minds the words of Marshal Saxe.

THE dissatisfaction of our "misguided Southern brethren" with their Government seems to be more demonstrative, if not as widespread, as is that with our own. The incompetency of Davis is a fruitful subject of scornful and denunciatory comment. We give a single bloodthirsty extract from a late article in the *Richmond Examiner*: "The French in their revolution had an easy way of getting rid of such characters: they chopped off their heads. They felt it necessary, as all subsequent opinion has acknowledged, to push their revolution through to a climax, at any cost, and though often with tears and sorrow, they guillotined the public men that leaned back against the harness. Their revolution succeeded, and owed its success only to its excesses."

A STORY is going the rounds of Washington circles which is rather "hard" on Gen. Pope, who is studiously re-used by his enemies of an irrepressible tendency to exaggeration. It runs thus: A chaplain reading the Bible to the sick soldiers in one of the hospitals, hit upon the story of Samson and the incident of his slaying the thousands of Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, when he was suddenly interrupted by a wounded man, apparently asleep, with the inquiry, "Who told that story?"

"It is from the Bible," solemnly responded the chaplain.

"Well, hang me if I didn't think it was a dispatch signed 'John Pope, Major-General Commanding!'"

It is well known that no good feeling has

existed between Gens. McDowell and Sigel, and great blame has been cast on the latter for allowing certain stories derogatory to McDowell, in which his name was mixed up, to go uncorrected. This bad feeling has evinced itself in a modified degree, in the McDowell Court of Inquiry, in which Sigel was a witness. Going one day to the Court, an old acquaintance hailed McDowell with, "What are you doing now?" "Oh! I fight Sigel!" was the quick reply.

THE folly of attempting to override the established rules of war in reference to any political purpose has just been illustrated by Jeff Davis, in his Message, in which he announces that no officers of the National army who may be taken prisoners shall be paroled or exchanged, until the President's Emancipation Proclamation shall be revoked. This is a game that two can play at, and has called out a corresponding counter order from Gen. Halleck.

THE financial condition of the country is now attracting serious attention. The large issue of paper currency has unsettled all the old standards of value, and caused a large appreciation of prices. Another hundred millions has just been issued for the payment of the army—a payment which had become absolutely necessary to secure its existence. But it is a grave question if any more legal tender notes should be put out on the country. The Government, nevertheless, must have money, or the war must stop. What the Government wants is an instantly available medium by which to pay its creditors, and what the people do not want is a further inflation of the currency. Can these apparently incompatible demands be reconciled? There can be no room for doubt that they are entirely reconcilable by the creation of a new issue of legal tender notes, bearing such interest as will keep them out of circulation. The most convenient and practicable rate of interest is three and sixty-five one-hundredths per cent., or one cent per day for every one hundred dollars. Such notes being legal tenders, they would be immediately available to the Government to pay its debts, and bearing a fair rate of interest, they would be hoarded up instead of being set adrift to swell an already bloated circulation. They would be a safe, handy and desirable investment for every man having surplus funds. They would be sought after everywhere throughout the country for that purpose. The deposit accounts in our banks, now swelled to enormous proportions, would go down like magic, and with their fall down will go the price of gold, and the unhealthy desire to purchase and speculate in everything and anything which now prevails like an epidemic.

AMONG the important documents bearing on the history of the disastrous Peninsular campaign, brought out during the McDowell inquiry case, is the following letter from President Lincoln to Gen. McClelland:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1862.

MAJOR-GEN. MCCLELLAN—MY DEAR SIR: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on York river—mine, to move directly to a point on the railroad south-west of Manassas. If you will give satisfactory answers to the following questions I shall gladly yield my plan to yours:

1. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?
2. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?
3. Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?
4. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this: that it would break no great line of the enemy's communication, while mine would?
5. In case of disaster, would not a safe retreat be more difficult by your plan than by mine?

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S ANNUAL MESSAGE.

THE Richmond papers give us the text of this remarkable document. After briefly referring to the campaigns since his last message he says:

"The advent of peace will be hailed with joy. Our desire for it has never been concealed. But earnest as has been our wish for peace, and great as have been our sacrifices and sufferings during the war, the determination of this people has with each succeeding month become more unalterably fixed to endure any suffering and continue the sacrifices, however prolonged, until their right to self-government and the sovereignty and independence of these States shall have been triumphantly vindicated and established."

He points out the one-sidedness of European policy, but has no complaint to offer. He enlarges upon the cruelty with which the Northern States have carried on the war, especially citing the conduct of Gen. McNeil in hanging seven hostages. He also denounces Gen. Milroy's late conduct in Western Virginia. His chief indignation, however, is reserved for Gen. Butler, whom he thus stigmatises:

"The Government of the United States, after promising examination and explanation in relation to the charges made against Gen. B. F. Butler, has, by its subsequent action, after repeated efforts on my part to obtain some answer on the subject, not only admitted his guilt, but sanctioned it by acquiescence."

"I have accordingly branded this criminal as an outlaw, and directed his execution, in expiation of his crimes. If he should fall into the hands of any of our forces."

He is also very severe upon President Lincoln's Emancipation edict, which he leaves to the common humanity of the world to pass judgment on.

He urges the enactment of a law to hasten the funding of the outstanding Treasury notes, fixing the ultimate period for this purpose not later than the 1st of July next, so as to effect the withdrawal of notes issued prior to the 1st of last December:

"If to this be added a revenue from adequate taxation, and a negotiation of bonds guaranteed to the several States, as has been already generously proposed by some of them, there is little doubt we shall see our finances restored to a sound and satisfactory condition."

"It is true, at the close of the war our debt will be large, but it will be due to our own people, and neither the interest nor the capital will be exported to distant countries, impoverishing ours for their benefit."

After several financial remarks he congratulates the Southern States upon the wonders their valor has performed.

A PATENT has been issued for making wine from sorghum, and for the process of fermentation. The wine produced has, when two years old, the flavor of nice Madeira, and is a pure, invigorating and slightly exhilarating beverage. This wine, it is stated, has been tested satisfactorily at the State fairs of the past year in Ohio and Indiana, and promises to be a great addition to our agricultural products. It possesses the slightly acid quality characteristic of all the products of sorghum, and has been found a most valuable tonic, and very efficacious in cases of dyspepsia.

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, JAN. 12.—SENATE.—A bill was introduced to aid Western Virginia in the more speedy and final abolition of slavery in that State. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The President was requested to inform them what measures have been adopted to enforce the provisions of the Confiscation Act, &c. The Committee on the Conduct of the War held a similar inquiry directed to them, especially regarding the District of Columbia. Notice was given of a bill to consolidate regiments in the field, and to facilitate the return of absent soldiers to the army. The bill to provide for the further issue of bonds and United States notes was passed. The bill to raise volunteers for the defence of Kansas was carried by 23 to 13.

HOUSE.—Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, made an effort to take the matter of the reduction of paper from the Committee on Ways and Means, but failed. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill for the raising of 150,000 troops of African descent.

TUESDAY, JAN. 13.—SENATE.—The President was called upon for the correspondence between himself and the British Government, relative to the capture of British vessels attempting to break the blockade.

HOUSE.—Business unimportant.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14.—SENATE.—The Judiciary Committee reported back the House bill granting aid for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri, with an amendment. The Military Committee reported back the bill to consolidate the regiments now in the field.

HOUSE.—A resolution providing for the immediate payment of the army and navy was adopted. A resolution directing the arrest of Simon Stevens, for contempt in refusing to answer questions before the Select Committee on Government Contracts, was adopted. A bill to provide for a military and postal road between New York and Washington was referred to the Select Committee on the subject. The remainder of the session was occupied in an interesting debate on the war and national politics.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15.—SENATE.—The credentials of Mr. Bucklow, Senator for Pennsylvania, were presented. The bill for issuing \$100,000,000 to pay the troops was agreed to. The bill making provision for West Point was passed by 29 to 19.

HOUSE.—No public interest.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16.—SENATE.—The Finance Committee was directed to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation to encourage emigration from Europe to the United States. A resolution offered by Mr. McDougall, of California, directing an inquiry into the construction and capabilities of our iron-clad vessels was rejected by a tie vote. Another petition from Wm. Cornell Jewett, asking for the adoption of the peace policy of Louis Napoleon, Horace Greeley and Mr. Vallandigham, was presented and laid on the table. The bill providing aid to Missouri to emancipate her slaves, was called up by Mr. Henderson, of that State, who made a speech advocating its passage. It was then postponed, as was also the bill for the consolidation of regiments in the field, after some debate.

HOUSE.—After the consideration of a number of private bills, the bill providing for the enlargement of the Michigan and Mississippi Canal, and also for the enlargement of the Erie and Oswego Canals, was taken up, but finally gave way to the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government, which was debated in Committee of the Whole until the adjournment, without a conclusion.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Attempts have already been made in Vermont to manufacture maple sugar. Trials last week proved that the sap ran well. This is owing to the extremely mild season.

—Col. John Q. Adams, of Gov. Andrew's staff, now in Washington, received a letter from his father, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England, January 13, from which it appears that the relations of the Embassy with the Court of St. James are more cordial and pleasant now than at any time previously since Mr. Adams went to London.

—A prominent Senator told the President, a few days since, that Gen. Butler has shown more brains in the service than all the rest of the 300 Generals he had made.

—Missouri bonds have risen 24 per cent. since the 28th Dec.

—In a note to the *Daily Advertiser*, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., acknowledges that he has received, through Messrs. Stearns, Hobart & Co., of Bombay, the sum of \$1,000, the gift of a Hindoo gentleman of that city, Karandas Madhavadas, with a request that it may be given for the relief of some family which has suffered in this war.

—A Mrs. George Shaw, moving in the very best society in Toronto, C. W., has been detected in shoplifting to a very great extent. It was her practice to dispose of the stolen goods among her fashionable friends at low prices, stating that she was selling them to help a poor woman, who wanted to get rid of her stock in trade.

—At the Poorhouse in Pittsford, Vt., two paupers, respectively 67 and 54 years of age, were recently married. The reason given by the overseer of the poor for this proceeding is, that he was awarded for room, and gained the use of an apartment by the operation.

—The Washington correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* says that Mr. John Van Buren and other gentlemen who are engaged in restoring the Union, will not fancy a law which Senator Sumner has introduced into Congress, which punishes all who correspond with the rebels by a fine not exceeding \$10,000, and by imprisonment not less than six months nor exceeding five years. If American citizens abroad commit this crime, they are to be tried before the first District Court under whose jurisdiction they may be found on their return.

—The *Pennsylvania Argus*, Greensburg, Jan. 7, says that Col. Sackett, a disbursing officer in New York, is a defaulter to the amount of \$700,000.

—There was coined at the mint in Philadelphia, during December, 5,430,000 cents, and yet the cry is for more. A year ago there was quite an outcry against the Government because it issued the nickels so plentifully; now people cannot get enough of them, although it is well understood that they are not by any means worth their nominal value.

—The Senate Post-Office Committee will soon report a bill for a postal railroad route direct from Washington to New York. The necessity for it has long been felt and patiently endured.

—The President has determined to dismiss Gen. Steed from the service, for having violated the regulations and the law in returning fugitive slaves.

—The cargo of the George Griswold consists of 12,814 barrels of flour, 575 boxes of bread, 50 barrels of pork, 167 bags of corn, 125 barrels of bread, 50 barrels of beef, 462 boxes of bacon, 9 tierces and 2 bags of rice.

—The Hudson River Railroad Company have just paid off their entire floating debt, amounting to \$750,000, besides taking care of all their mortgages and putting their road in complete order. The earnings of the road for the last month were \$400,000, and the rate of earnings per annum is about 20 per cent. on the cost.

—An English paper suggests that it would be as appropriate to wear a hoop-skirt in riding on horseback as in skating. The reasons would be obvious to any one who should watch the lady skaters on our various ponds or lakes, brushing by each other and flinging their petticoats high in the air. The opportunity for the study of comparative anatomy is excellent, and it is easy to note the difference between a well made leg and the contrary.

—The branch mint, San Francisco, coined \$16,000,000 during 1862.

—Gen. Allen, of the *Washoe Times*, and Col. Warren, of the *California Farmer*, are in the agonies of a severe discussion on the modesty of sporting warlike titles, when they never go near a battle-field.

—A bill is before the Legislature of New Jersey, prohibiting the immigration of any negroes whom the war has converted or may convert into freemen.

—The bankers of New York met Mr. Chase at Mr. Cisco's private house on Saturday, Jan. 10, but no satisfactory arrangement was made.

—John A. Morris, a quartermaster in the navy, committed suicide at his lodgings in Bayard street, on the 9th Jan.

—Judge McCann presented a stand of colors to his old regiment, the New York 37th, on the 8th Jan. The affair took place at Alderman Farley's house. The Judge was formerly their Colonel, and is much beloved by his men.

—Rhode Island must be a bad State to die in. In the city of Providence, during the last year, 92 persons aged 70 years or upward died, two of whom were 90 or upward. In Newport 39 persons over 70 years of age died during the last year, the oldest of whom was 102 years old. In Portsmouth, four persons died who had attained the ages respectively of 97, 90, 87 and 79; while in Tiverton, where only 16 deaths occurred in the year, nine were persons over 75 years of age.

—Philadelphia is in a state of panic. A mysterious being, called the Green Boot Man, steals upon unsuspecting females and robs them in unfrequented streets after dark. Some maintain that it is merely a joke.

—Senator Sumner read to the President on Tuesday night, the 12th of January, an eloquent letter from Mr. George Livermore, of Boston, acknowledging the receipt of the steel pen, with an ink-beatener, broken, wooden handle, with which the President signed the New Year's proclamation. Mr. Livermore's claim to its possession is founded upon his "historical research" as to the opinions of the founders of the Republic respecting negroes as slaves, citizens and soldiers, a copy of which was presented to the President while he was engaged in writing the Proclamation. This paper was read before the Historical Society of Boston, and has been printed for private distribution.

—At Harpersville, Brown county, N. Y., the ice gave way, and 37 ladies and gentlemen were precipitated into the water; 27 were drowned.

—On the 11th of January some evil-disposed person bored a hole in the embankment of the Sylvan Lake skating pond, Hoboken, by which the water escaped.

—The second anniversary of the Christian Alliance was held at the City Assembly Rooms on the 11th of January. From the reports furnished upon the occasion it appears that the society is in quite a flourishing condition. Rev. Dr. Tyng presided upon the occasion. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. Gillette, Robinson and others.

—An old unmarried farmer, named Abraham Hershee, died in West Hempfield, Lancaster county, Penn., last week, and after his burial \$53,000 in gold and silver were found in his house.

—The Common Council of Newark, N. J., have decided to redeem their corporation currency when presented in sums of \$25 and upwards. This notice is intended for the benefit of brokers.

—There was considerable delay and some slight accidents in steam navigation in this harbor on the 15th instant, in consequence of the dense fog, which continued all the morning. The steamer City of Hartford ran on a rock near Hell Gate and sunk. Nobody was hurt.

—The Brooklyn City Court has given a verdict of \$2,779 19 against the City Railroad company, for injuries to a passenger, caused by the refusal of the conductor to stop the car long enough for her to get off.

—The boot and shoe dealers of this city met on the 15th, and adopted a petition asking for relief in reference to the various taxes on their trade. Several patriotic speeches were made.

—The Legislature of Massachusetts, on the 15th, elected a United States Senator—the Hon. Charles Sumner—by a vote of 227 to 43 for Josiah G. Abbott, two for C. F. Adams, and two for Caleb Cushing.

—Gov. Ramsay, Republican, of Minnesota, has been elected to the United States Senate from that State, in place of Henry M. Rice, Democrat, whose term expires in March next.

—A Toronto paper states that gold has been discovered on the Saskatchewan, in Canada, east of the Rocky Mountains.

—The pirate Alabama has captured two more ships. One was burnt; the other, containing an English cargo, was released upon the captain giving a bond for the value of the ship.

—Gen. Hunter and staff have sailed for Port Royal.

—The Commencement of the Medical College connected with Yale University took place in New Haven on Friday evening. Dr. Judson Boardman Andrews delivered the valedictory, and Prof. Henry Bronson addressed the newly-graduated M. D.'s, of whom 11 were graduates.

—The Governor of New Hampshire has postponed the draft in that State *sine die*. It was to have taken place on the 8th inst.

Southern and Western.—The wife of Gen. Grant was one of the prisoners taken by the rebels at Holly Springs. She was immediately released by Gen. Van Dora, and returned to her husband under escort.

—Jefferson Davis made a speech at Jackson, Miss., Dec. 26, full of bitterness. He said he would never consent to a reunion with the North. Referring to rebel victories, he claimed a success at Antietam, where he asserted the Federal forces outnumbered the rebel four to one. Jeff then again turns the cold shoulder to his former Democratic friends in the free States. Jeff will not be a party to the scheme of Northern politicians, as he distrusts their ability to carry the people with them, and to save his neck from the jeopardy impending over it as long as the Confederacy remains unestablished. In his speech at Richmond, Davis was even more insolent than in his Mississippi address. He said that the rebel armies were engaged in fighting "the offences of the earth," and that if the Confederacy had the choice between uniting with hyenas and Yankees, it would choose the hyenas.

—Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, said in 1851: "I object, in strong terms as I can, to the secession of South Carolina. Such is the intensity of my conviction upon the subject, that if secession should take place, I shall consider the institution of slavery doomed, and that the great God in our blindness, has made us the instruments of its destruction."

—The *Prairie (Ark.) Gazette* says: A correspondent has sent us a Minie bullet and a cartridge label, which were taken from the cartridge-box of a dead rebel on the battle-field of Prairie Grove, immediately after our recent glorious victory there. The label has "E. & A. Ludlow, Birmingham," on it. Our correspondent well says, "without the aid of England, the battle of Prairie Grove would never have been fought."

—We are indebted to Capt. W. E. Blake, Provost-Marshal of Fortress Monroe, for No. 17 of the *Southern Illustrated News*. It is dated Richmond, Saturday, January 3, 1863, and has a very dry, white-brown look. It supports the title of illustrated by a miserable woodcut of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, another still more miserable looking woodcut of Gov. Letcher, and winds up with a rude etching of an adjutant's tent.

—The Confederate Congress, which adjourned on the 13th of October, reassembled on the 12th January in Richmond.

Naval and Military.—Negley's division lost at Murfreesboro' 1,350. They went into action 8,000.

—In April the term of 38 New York regiments will expire. These enlisted for two years. Among these are the far-famed H. V. King's Zouaves, who will, no doubt, enter the regular service. In addition to these, all the nine months' regiments of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania will be up at the same time. This will reduce our army to a very low standard.

—The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "The finding of the Court in the case of Gen. Porter yesterday was made at eight o'clock P. M. It is, of course, subject to the approval of the President. The Court adjourned *sine die*. It is unanimously conceded that Gen. Porter is fully exonerated from the blame imputed to him in the charges preferred by Gen. Pope. Gen. Hunter leaves immediately for his department in the Ariel from New York. Gen. B. M. Prentiss leaves for an important command, to be hereafter assigned him, within 24 hours. His destination is undoubtedly to the West. The other Generals composing the Court will immediately resume their positions in the field."

—325 members of the Anderson troop, who mutilated and refused to take part in the battle of Murfreesboro', are now confined at Nashville, in a building formerly used as a smoke-house.

—Work is rapidly progressing on the iron-clad *Tonawanda*, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Although her tonnage will be very heavy, she will carry but four guns. Those, however, will be of the largest calibre.

Personal.—P. T. Barnum is telling the people of the Western part of the State "How to Make Money." He is busy writing a sequel to it, "How to Keep It."

—Dr. Mchouy, who was sent to Fort Lafayette by Mr. Stanton, has been released, and has returned to the editing of his paper, the *Dubuque Herald*, Ia.

—Gen. Curtis is confined to his bed by sickness at St. Louis, Mo.

—Father Waldo, the veteran preacher and revolutionary soldier, completed his 100th year on the 10th of September. He preached in Syracuse Dec. 28.

—Charles Dickens is spending the winter in Paris, where he is about giving public readings from his own works, the proceeds to go to the Lancashire operatives' relief fund.

—Col. Wall, who was sent to Fort Lafayette last year for presumed disloyalty, by order of Mr. Secretary Cameron, has been elected Senator from New Jersey. By a singular chance Mr. Secretary Cameron was rejected by Pennsylvania the same day for a similar honor—Mr. Bucklow, a Conservative Democrat, receiving the appointment.

—Gen. Butler received a perfect ovation at Faneuil Hall, Boston, upon his recent visit.

—Mr. Simon Cameron will return to St. Petersburg in a few days, to resume his functions as Minister.

—Senator Field, of New Jersey, has been appointed U. S. District Judge for that State.

Obituary.—Right Rev. G. J. Mountain, Lord Bishop of Quebec, died at Quebec on January 13, aged 74 years. He came to Canada with his father, the first bishop of the English Church in Canada, when a boy, and has filled many of the most important offices in the church. He was formerly Bishop of Montreal, and at one time had both Lower and Upper Canada under his charge.

—David Stafford, one of the sufferers of the Wyoming massacre, celebrated by the poet Campbell, died at Turner, N. Y., lately, aged 94.

—Gen. Albert C. Greene, a prominent member of the Rhode Island bar and an eminent citizen and politician of that State, who held in his day several public offices, and won the esteem of his friends and fellow-citizens of all parties, for his ability and honesty, died at the age of 71 years, in Providence, on the 8th inst. He was the son of Perry Greene, a brother of Nathaniel, one of the leaders of the Revolutionary army.

—Ex-Governor Branch, of North Carolina, died at Enfield, N. C., on the 4th inst., in the 56th year of his age. Governor Branch was a State Senator from 1811 to 1817, also in 1822, and again in 1834. He was elected governor in 1817. He was a United States Senator from 1823 to 1829, and a Representative in Congress in 1831. In 1829 he was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Jackson. In 1835 he was a member of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, and in 1843 he was appointed Governor of Florida. Since then he has lived in private life.

—Professor James Renwick, a distinguished savan, died on the 11th January. At the age of 22 Mr. Renwick graduated at old Columbia College, this city, and 13 years thereafter filled the chair of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in that institution, continuing in that position until about eight or nine years ago, when his increasing years admonished him to withdraw from the somewhat laborious duties incidental to his office as instructor. He bore the character of a careful, thorough and industrious teacher. He was also an author of considerable ability, having written a number of valuable biographies, besides several works on chemistry, natural philosophy, geology and kindred subjects. His principal public services were performed in 1832, when he served as one of the commissioners for the exploration of the north-eastern boundary. This exploration, it will be remembered, led to the famous Ashburton treaty in the year 1842.

Accidents and Offences.—As the transport *Lillie*, which left here on Saturday, January 10, was passing through Gravesend Bay, the arch of one of her furnaces gave way, and the second and third engineers and two firemen were killed by the escaping steam.

—Isaac T. Wright, of East Sandwich, Mass., was shot on the 10th of January, a few rods from his own house, while returning from his brother's. As his purse and gold watch were untouched, it is supposed that revenge was the motive.

—The Rev. Mr. Hagar, of Chicago, has been accused by one lady of pinching her shoulder, and by another of treading on her toe. Bishop Whitehouse is investigating these grave charges.

—A daughter of Mr. Harris C. Woodruff, of Westfield, Conn., aged 16 years, was drowned while skating on January 3. Three other young ladies who were with her got into the water in their efforts to save her, and two of them when rescued were with difficulty resuscitated.

—A Union officer named Capt. Weigler, stationed at Baltimore, shot a citizen named James Roach, at the Monument House Hotel, on the 12th of January. It was the result of liquor and political discussion.

—The boys of Washington have invented a game which partakes of the insane. One boy puts his fingers on a block of wood, while another boy stands on the other side with a hatchet. Boy No. 1 calls out "Striae!" and the fun consists in drawing the hand away before Boy No. 2 hits. On the 10th a boy had three of his fingers cut off while playing at it. Although done in play, the police took the "finger-chopper" into custody, to put a stop to the barbarous sport.

—Two brothers, named Lewis and Stephen Bothe, living with their mother in Philipstown, Putnam county, while intoxicated engaged in a quarrel, on the 6th inst. Lewis stabbed his brother, who died the next day. The mother was the only witness of the transaction.

—A blind boy, named John Osborn, an inmate of the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., was

drowned on January 14. He, with two other blind boys, went on a pond for the purpose of skating when the ice broke; after a long effort to effect his rescue, Osborn sank, and could not be recovered in time to save his life.

—A train on the Central road came near meeting with a serious accident at State bridge on Thursday evening. The engine ran into a tree which had fallen across the track, and was thrown down a high embankment into the Troughing river. Fortunately the coupling broke, and none of the cars followed. One of the firemen was slightly injured.

Foreign.—The Emperor of Austria has just ennobled a Hungarian Jew—an unusual act of liberality which creates much comment in the empire.

—Smoking a clay pipe and kissing the cook were the allegations brought against a heartless husband in a suit for divorce in the London Court.

—A Copenhagen letter says that the second daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, aged 15 sister to the Princess Alexandra, will be affianced to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, aged 19.

—The Empress Eugenie has named her favorite horse Stonewall Jackson.

—Baron Rothschild, M. P. for London has had a new staircase put up in his house of Carrara marble, at a cost of \$150,000.

—The Queen of England has caused an oak to be planted on the spot where the late Prince Albert ceased his last day's hunting. The tree is to be known as the Prince Consort's Oak.

—Tamaro, the tenor, who was here some years ago, and sung in the "Huguenots" and other operas with Poinso, has probably been lost at sea. The *Pirata* of Turin states that the sailing vessel in which he left Europe for South America was wrecked, and that no information has yet been received regarding the fate of the passengers. Tamaro had formed a new opera troupe for the South American cities, and was on his way thither with his lyric forces.

—The new mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria at Frogmore having been solemnly consecrated, the remains of the late Prince Albert were on the 18th removed from St. George's Chapel to the tomb prepared for them in the mausoleum. The Queen had taken an active part in the proceedings, and the *Court Circular* adds that Her Majesty, though much overwhelmed with grief, had borne the touching event without any additional injury to her health.

—The new Cabinet of Turin has declined any further negotiation with France respecting the Roman question. The influence of Louis Napoleon is on the wane in Europe.

—The Spanish Cortes approve the action of Gen. Prim in withdrawing from Mexico. Some of the Spanish grandees were very outspoken in their opinion of the French Emperor.

—The London *Daily News* dilates with great satisfaction on the proceedings of the New York Chamber of Commerce in regard to the Lancashire sufferers. It says the movement is proof not only of deep sympathy for their kinsmen, but a good feeling toward the Queen and the country at large, and believes the sympathy to be a new bond of union.

—Two bales of cotton grown at Belize, Honduras, have recently been shipped from that port to New York, weighing 150 pounds each. The quality is admirable.

—After the interview of the Prince of Wales with the Pope of Rome, young Bomba, ex-King of Naples, wished to see him, but the Prince courteously declined the intended honor. Mrs. Bomba has left the young despot and gone to her parents.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* (London), December 22, says that France and England are in strict accord on American policy, which is to be perfect neutrality.

—The Colonial railway delegation has succeeded in engaging the British Government to advance the sum of \$3,000,000 for the construction of a railway from Halifax to Quebec. Canada is to assume 5-12ths of the liability, and the two Lower Provinces 7-12ths between them.

—The latest accounts from Japan state, that despite the recent revolution in that country, the life of foreigners would not be safe for the presence of the British and French men-of-war, the commanders of which have notified that any more outrages will be followed by the destruction of Jeddō.

—Among others, the learned Jews are coming out in their denunciations of Bishop Colenso's extraordinary ignorance of Hebrew, as manifested in his late work denying the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Among these are Drs. Adler and Beusich.

—The Paris *Moniteur* announces that five flags captured by the French in Mexico have been brought to Paris and presented to the Emperor. They are to be placed in the Invalides.

—The shock of an earthquake was felt in several parts of Algeria, at midnight, on the 29th of November. All the clocks stopped which faced north and south. Those which faced east and west kept going. It is inferred, therefore, that the shock passed from north to south.

—Experiments recently made in England prove that paper pasteboard better resists shot from cannon than hard oak wood. Two targets were constructed with a 6-inch plate-iron—the one backed by 14 inches in thickness of oak wood, the other backed by the same thickness of pasteboard. They were fired at with a Whitworth six-pounder, using elongated shot, five and a half inches in length and two and a half in diameter, and the penetration was found to be twice as great in the timber-backed target as it was in the paper one. The targets were then fired at with a twelve-pounder, and with like results.

—The Yelverton marriage case has at last been brought to a close in Edinburgh, the decision being in favor of Mrs. Yelverton.

—The steamer *Wallenstein* was shipwrecked near the Cape of Good Hope, on October 13—all the cargo was lost. The Christy Minstrels were among the passengers, and lost all their instruments and dresses. There was also on board no less than 20 clergymen of the Dutch Reformed Church, on their way from Port Natal to Cape Town, to attend the Synod.

—Mexican advices state that the French army had commenced the advance on Puebla. One division of 12,000 had proceeded 12 leagues from Orizaba. Gen. Donat is reported to have reached Amozoc from Vera Cruz, and Gen. Berthier had advanced from Jalap toward Perote, where the Mexicans had taken the guns from the fort to Puebla. The French troops who returned from Tampico had gone to Jalapa; 1,000 mules and 250 wagons from New York had reached Vera Cruz.

—The Mexican Consul at Havana states that his Government feels deeply the refusal of the American Government to aid a republic struggling against a monarchy, and still more that it should aid their enemies.

—The statue of Columbus was uncovered at Cardenas, Dec. 23, amid great rejoicings.

—The *Sicile* states that the population of the Ionian Islands is about 300,000; Corfu, 25,000; Cephalonia, 91,000; Zante, 60,000; Santa-Maura, 25,000; Ithaca, 8,500; Paxos, 10,000; and Cergio, 900.

—An English gentleman named Jim Mace, styling himself Champion of the World, has offered to fight his whole human race.

WHITE HANDS.—Goodyear's India-rubber gloves are an infallible remedy for chapped hands, and for giving the skin a soft and white appearance. No lady should be without them. They are also a certain cure for salt rheum, and other irritations of the skin.



THE BATES EXPEDITION—EXTEMPORARY MUSICAL AND TERPSICHOOREAN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE U. S. ARSENAL, BATON ROUGE, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE 41ST MAS^S, THE 131ST N. Y. AND 35TH CONN. VOLUNTEERS—
CONTRABAND CHILDREN DANCING THE BREAKDOWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 301.



THE WOOD FIRE.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

THROUGH weariest weeks I could not bear
The odor of coal, nor its fierce red glare,
And they gave me a wood fire, fragrant and rare.

It was my mother—its pitying gaze
Pierced through the fever's unrest and haze,
And was her dear hand in a thousand ways.

How it would sparkle in eddying whirls,
'Round the resinous knots, like dancing girls,
Or as water at river bank purls and purls.

It would call me away from my look on the street,
When I shuddering felt that the pitiless feet
Of the great world over me swept and beat.

Calling aloud, as a child might do,
A little laugh running each syllable through,
To come there, and hark to a story it knew.

A story of life in the wild wood land,
Where, shoulder to shoulder, and hand to hand,
The great tree armies in phalanx stand.

It knew all the timid, wild things, that hide
Startled and shy, and gentle-eyed,
In the leafy covers and dingles wide.

It had looked in brooks at the speckled trout,
And swung the wee birds in their hammocks about,
While the fathers did duty as spy and scout.

Watching the camp fires flashing afar,
By the glow-worms lit, as the blue skies
are
Lighted at evening, star by star.

Bringing back word when the locust's life,
The woodtick's drum and the wild camp
life
Told of the drilling for insect strife.

Then after the shock of the battle was done,
The thunderous, roaring bumblebee's gun
Boomingly told of the victory won.

But, better I loved to be told of the fays,
Of the fairies, the elves and the golden
days
That have shone in the woods always,
always.

And better still was the story it told,
That April published, in blue and gold,
Of the breeze, the sun, and the throbbing
mould.

Mimicking notes that the spring birds know,
It told me how soon all the valleys would
glow

With trailing arbutus, or whiten with snow,
Of the sweet wedding favors of cherry and
plum.
How the great apple orchards, where honey-
bees hum,
Would joy beyond telling that May was
come.

That the peach-trees, the pear-trees, and all
their wild kin,
Flashing out their white wealth of appareling,
Would look at its beauties the still brooks in.

The woods tender grow with the tenderest
sheen,
Full of bland odors from buds unseen,
The smell of fresh earth and birch leaves
green.

Ah! I was sick with the longing for these,
Homesick for meadows and mountain trees,
The brown, bare hills, and the strong wild
breeze.

I thought they could heal me, and draw from
my heart
All of the city's sharp sting and smart,
All taint of hollowness, sham and art—

Else I must die, for it could not be
This life was my life, and true to me,
Where no warmth thrilled and no joy sprung
free.

Here, a book from the mantel, with heavy
thud,
Fell out on the floor, and a shining brood
Of sparkles took flight from the burning
wood.

I had been sleeping—the while had lain
My hand in another's, that charmed the
pain,
While life welled back to its pulses again.

Without was winter, but loving care
Made it summer within, with the wood fire
rare,
And I thanked the Father in silent prayer.

PRIZE STORY

No. 3.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC.

By Felix Carter.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

I knew very well that no harm could happen to her in two hours of an autumn afternoon. I was not sorry for her congé, for it gave me an opportunity to follow my own plans. I stopped at one or two cabinetmakers, and talked with the "journs" about work, that I might tell her with truth that I had been in search of it, then I sedulously began on calling upon every man I could reach named Mason. Oh! how often I went through one phase or another of this colloquy.

"Is Mr. Mason in?"

"That's my name, sir."

"Can you give me the address of Mr. Mason who returned from Europe last May?"

"Know no such person, sir."

The reader can imagine how many forms this dialogue could be repeated in, before, as I wrought my way through a long line of dry-goods cases to a distant counting-room, I heard some one in it say, "No, madam, I know no such person as you describe," and from the recess Fausta emerged and met me. Her plan for the afternoon had been the same with mine. We laughed as we detected each other; then I told her she had had quite enough of this, that it was time she should rest, and took her, *volens volens*, into the ladies' parlor of the St. Nicholas, and bade her wait there through the twilight, with my copy of Clementine, till I should return from the police station. If the reader has ever waited in such a place for some one to come and attend to him, he will understand that nobody will be apt to molest him when he has not asked for attention.

Two hours I left Fausta in the rocking-chair, which there the public had provided for her. Then I returned, sadly enough. No tidings of Rowdy Rob, none of trunk, Bible, money, letter, medal or anything. Still was my district sergeant hopeful, and, as always, respectful. But I was hopeless this time, and I knew that the next day Fausta would be plunging into the war with intelligence-houses and advertisements. For the night, I was determined that she should spend it in my ideal "respectable boarding-house." On my way down town, I stopped in at one or two shops to make inquiries, and satisfied myself where I would take her. Still I thought it wisest that we should go after tea; and another cross street baker, and another pair of rolls, and another tap at the Croton provided that repast for us. There I told Fausta of the respectable boarding-house, and that she must go there. She did not say no. But she did say she would rather not spend the evening there.

"There must be some place open for us," said she. "There! there is a church bell! The church is always home. Let us come there."

So to evening meeting we went, starting the sexton by arriving an hour early. If there were any who wondered what was the use of that Wednesday evening service, we did not. In a dark gallery pew we sat, she at one end, I at the other, and if the whole truth be told, each of us fell asleep at once, and slept till the heavy organ tones taught us that the service had begun. A hundred or more people had straggled in then, and the preacher, good soul, he took for his text, "Doth not God care for the ravens." I cannot describe the ineffable feeling of home that came over me in that dark pew of that old church. I had never been in so large a church before. I had never heard so heavy an organ before. Perhaps I had heard better preaching, but never any that came to my occasions more. But it was none of these things which moved me. It was the fact that we were just where we had a right to be. No impudent waiter could ask us why we were sitting there, nor any petulant policeman propose that we should push on. It was God's house, and because His, it was His children's.

All this feeling of repose grew upon me, and as it proved upon Fausta also. For when the service was ended, and I ventured to ask her whether she also had this sense of home and rest, she assented so eagerly, that I proposed, though with hesitation, a notion which had crossed me, that I should leave her there.

"I cannot think," I said, "of any possible harm that could come to you before morning."

"Do you know I had thought of that very same thing, but I did not dare tell you," she said.

Was not I glad that she had considered me her keeper! But I only said, "At the 'respectable boarding-house' you might be annoyed by questions."

"And no one will speak to me here. I knew that from Goody Two-Shoes."

"I will be here," said I, "at sunrise in the morning." And so I bade her good-bye, insisting on leaving in the pew my own great coat. I knew she might need it before morning. I walked out, as the sexton closed the door below on the last of the downstairs worshippers. He passed along the aisles below, with his long poker which screwed down the gas. I saw at once that he had no intent of exploring the galleries. But I loitered outside till I saw him lock the doors and depart; and then, happy in the thought that Miss Jones was in the safest place in New York—as comfortable as she was the night before and much more comfortable than she had been any night upon the canal, I went in search of my own lodging.

"To the respectable boarding-house?"

Not a bit, reader. I had no shillings for respectable or disreputable boarding-houses. I asked the first policeman where his district station was. I went into its office, and told the captain that I was green in the city; had got no work and no money. In truth, I had left my purse in Miss Jones's charge, and a five cent. piece, which I showed the chief, was all I had. He said no word, but to bid me go up two flights and turn into the first bunk I found. I did so; and in five minutes was asleep in a better bed than I had slept in for nine days.

That was what the public did for me, that night. I, too, was safe!

I am making this story too long. But with that night and its anxieties the end has come. At sunrise I rose and made my easy toilet. I bought and ate my roll—varying the brand from yesterday's. I bought another, with a lump of butter, and an orange for Fausta. I left my portmanteau at the station while I rushed to the sexton's house, told his wife I had lost my gloves in church the night

before—as was the truth—and easily obtained from her the keys. In a moment I was in the vestibule—locked in—was in the gallery, and there found Fausta, just awake, as she declared, from a comfortable night, reading her morning lesson in the Bible, and sure, she said, that I should soon appear. Nor ghost, nor wraith had visited her. I spread for her a brown paper tablecloth on the table in the vestibule. I laid out her breakfast for her—called her, and wondered at her toilet. How is it that women always make themselves appear as neat and finished as if there was no conflict, dust or wrinkle in the world.

[Here Fausta adds, in this manuscript, a parenthesis, to say that she folded her undersleeves neatly, and her collar, before she slept, and put them between the cushions, upon which she slept. In the morning they had been pressed—without a sad-iron.]

She finished her repast. I opened the church door for five minutes. She passed out, when she had enough examined the monuments, and at a respectable distance I followed her. We joined each other, and took our accustomed morning walk; but then she resolutely said, "good-bye," for the day. She would find work before night—work and a home. And I must do the same. Only



The Children of the Public go to a New York Church.

when I pressed her to let me know of her success, she said she would meet me at the Astor Library just before it closed. No, she would not take my money. Enough, that for twenty-four hours she had been my guest. When she had found her aunt and told her the story, they should insist on repaying this hospitality. Hospitality, dear reader, which I had dispensed at the charge of six cents. Have you ever treated Miranda for a day and found the charge so low? When I urged other assistance she said, resolutely, "No." In fact, she had already made an appointment at two, she said, and she must not waste the day.

I also had an appointment at two; for it was at that hour that Burrham was to distribute the cyclopedias at Castle Garden. The Emigrant Commission had not yet seized it for their own. I spent the morning in asking vainly for Masons fresh from Europe, and for work in cabinet shops. I found neither, and so wrought my way to the appointed place, where, instead of such wretched birds in the bush, I was to get one so contemptible in my hand.

Those who remember Jenny Lind's first triumph night at Castle Garden, have some idea of the crowd as it filled gallery and floor of that immense hall when I entered. I had given no thought to the machinery of this folly. I only know that my ticket bade me be there at 2 p.m. this day. But, as I drew near, the throng, the bands of policemen, the long queues of persons entering reminded me that here was an affair of ten thousand persons, and also, that Mr. Burrham was not unwilling to make it as showy, perhaps as noisy an affair as was respectable, by way of advertising future excursions and distributions. I was led to seat No. 3671 with a good deal of parade, and when I came there I found I was very much of a prisoner. I was late, or rather on the stroke of two. Immediately, almost, Mr. Burrham arose in the front and made a long speech about his liberality, and the public's liberality, and everybody's liberality in general, and the method of the distribution in particular. The mayor and four or five other well-known and respectable gentlemen were kind enough to be present, to guarantee the fairness of the arrangements. At the suggestion of the mayor and the police the doors would now be closed, that no persons might interrupt the ceremony till it was ended. And the distribution of the cyclopedias would at once go forward, in the order in which the lots were drawn—earliest numbers securing the earliest impressions; which, as Mr. Burrham almost regretted to say, were a little better than the latest. After these had been distributed two figures would be drawn—one green and one red, to indicate the fortunate lady and gentleman who would receive respectively the profits which had arisen from this method of selling the cyclopedias, after the expenses of printing and distribution had been covered, and after the magazines had been ordered.

Great cheering followed this announcement from all but me. Here I had shut myself up in this humbug hall, for heaven knew how long, on the most important day of my life. I would have given up willingly my cyclopedia and my chance at the "profits," for the certainty of seeing Fausta at five o'clock. If I did not see her then, what might befall her, and when might I see her again. An hour



The Mayor of New York and the Children of the Public at Castle Garden.

before this certainty was my own, now it was only mine by my liberating myself from this prison. Still I was encouraged by seeing that everything was conducted like clockwork. From literally a hundred stations they were distributing the books. We formed ourselves into queues as we pleased, drew our numbers and then presented ourselves at the bureaux, ordered our magazines and took our cyclopedias. It would be done, at that rate, by half-past four. An omnibus would bring me to the Park, and a Bowery car do the rest in time. After a vain discussion for the right of exit with one or two of the attendants, I abandoned myself to this hope, and began studying my cyclopaedia.

It was sufficiently amusing to see ten thousand people resign themselves to the same task, and affect to be unconcerned about the green and red figures which were to divide the "profits." I tried to make out who were as anxious to get out of that tawdry den as I was. Four o'clock struck, and the distribution was not done. I began to be very impatient. What if Fausta fell into trouble? I knew, or hoped I knew that she would struggle to the Astor Library, as to her only place of rescue and refuge—her asylum. What if I failed her there? I who had pretended to be her protector! "Protector, indeed!" she would say, if she knew I was at a theatre witnessing the greatest folly of the age. And if I did not meet her to-day when should I meet her? If she found her aunt, how should I find her? If she did not find her—good God! that was worse—where might she not be before twelve hours were over? Then the fatal trunk! I had told the police agent he might send it to the St. Nicholas, because I had to give him some address. But Fausta did not know this, and the St. Nicholas people knew nothing of us. I grew more and more excited, and when at last my next neighbor told me that it was half-past four, I rose and insisted on leaving my seat. Two ushers with blue sashes almost held me down, they showed me the whole assembly sinking into quiet. In fact, at that moment, Mr. Burrham was begging every one to be seated. I would not be seated. I would go to the door. I would go out. "Go, if you please!" said the usher next to me contemptuously. And I looked and there was no handle! Yet this was not a dream. It is the way they arrange the doors in halls where they choose to keep people in their places. I could have collared that grinning blue sash. I did tell him I would wring his precious neck for him, if he did not let me out. I said I would sue him for false imprisonment; I would have a writ of *habeas corpus*.

"*Habeas corpus* be d—d!" said the officer, with an irreverent disrespect to the palladium. "If you are not more civil, sir, I will call the police, of whom we have plenty. You say you want to go out; you are keeping everybody in."

And, in fact, at that moment the clear voice of the mayor was announcing that they would not go on until there was perfect quiet; and I felt that I was imprisoning all these people, not they me.

"Child of the Public," said my mourning genius; "are you better than other men?" So I sneaked back to seat No. 3671, amid the contemptuous and reproachful looks and sneers of my more respectable neighbors, who had sat where they were told to do. We must be through in a moment, and perhaps Fausta would be late also. If only the Astor would keep open after sunset! How often have I wished that since, and for less reasons!

Silence thus restored, Mr. A—, the mayor, led forward his little daughter, blindfolded her, and bade her put her hand into a green box, from which she drew out a green ticket. He took it from her, and read, in his clear voice again, "No. 2973!" By this time we all knew where the "two thousands" sat. Then "nine hundreds" were not far from the front, so that it was not far that that frightened girl, dressed all in black, and heavily veiled, had to walk, who answered to this call. Mr. A— met her, helped her up the stairs upon the stage, took from her her ticket, and read "Jerusha Stillingfleet, of Yellow Springs, who, at her death, as it seems, transferred this right to the bearer."

The disappointed nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine joined in a rapturous cheer, each man and woman, to show that he or she was not disappointed. The bearer spoke with Mr. Burrham, in answer to his questions, and with a good deal of ostentation, he opened a cheque-book, filled a cheque and passed it to her, she signing a receipt as she took it, and transferring to him her ticket. So far, in dumb show, all was well. What was more to my purpose, it was rapid, for we should have been done in five minutes more, but that some devil tempted some loafer in a gallery to cry "Face! face!" Miss Stillingfleet's legatee was still heavily veiled.

In one horrid minute that whole amphitheatre, which seemed to me then more cruel than the Coliseum ever was, rang with a cry of "Face! face!" I tried the counter cry of "Shame! shame!" but I was in disgrace among my neighbors, and a counter-cry never takes as its prototype does either. At first, on the stage, they affected not to hear or understand, then there was a courtly whisper between Mr. Burrham and the lady, but Mr. A—, the mayor, and the respectable gentlemen instantly interfered. It was evident that she would not unveil, and that they were prepared to endorse her refusal. In a moment more she curtseyed to the assembly, the mayor gave her his arm and led her out through a side door.

Oh! the yell that rose up then! The whole assembly stood up, and as if they had lost some vested right, hooted and shrieked, "Back! back! Face! face!" Mr. A— returned, made as if he would speak, came forward to the very front and got a moment's silence.

"It is not in the bond, gentlemen," said he. "The young lady is unwilling to unveil, and we must not compel her."

"Face! face!" was the only answer, and an orange from up-stairs flew about his head and struck upon the table, an omen only fearful from what it prophesied. Then there was such a row

for five minutes as I hope I may never see or hear again. People kept their places fortunately, under a vague impression that they should forfeit some magic rights if they left those numbered seats. But when, for a moment, a file of policemen appeared in the orchestra, a whole volley of cyclopedias fell like rain upon their chief, with a renewed cry of "Face! face!"

At this juncture, with a good deal of knowledge of popular feeling, Mr. A— led forward his child again, frightened to death the poor thing was, and crying; he tied his handkerchief round her eyes hastily, and took her to the red box. For a minute the house was hushed. A cry of "Down, down!" and every one took his place as the child gave the red ticket to her father. He read it as before, "No. 3671!" I heard the words as if he did not speak them. All excited by the delay and the row, by the injustice to the stranger and the personal injustice of everybody to me, I did not know, for a dozen seconds, that every one was looking towards one side of the house, nor was it till my next neighbor with the watch said, "Go, you fool," that I was aware that 3671 was I! Even then, as I stepped down the passage and up the steps, my only feeling was that I should get out of this horrid trap, and possibly find Miss Jones lingering near the Astor, not by any means that I was invited to take a cheque for \$5,000.

There was not much cheering. Women never cheer of course. The men had cheered the green ticket, but they were mad with the red one. I gave up my ticket, signed my receipt and took my cheque, shook hands with Mr. A— and Mr. Burrham, and turned to bow to the mob—for mob I must call it now. But the cheers died away. A few people tried to go out perhaps, but there was nothing now to retain any in their seats as before, and the general rose, pressed down the passages and howled, "Face! face!" I thought for a moment that I ought to say something, but they would not hear me, and after a moment's pause, my passion to depart overwhelmed me, I muttered some apology to the gentlemen, and left the stage by the stage door.

I had forgotten that to Castle Garden there can be no back entrance. I came to door after door, which were all locked. It was growing dark. Evidently the sun was set, and I knew the library door would be shut at sunset. The passages were very obscure. All around me rang this horrid yell of the mob, in which all that I could discern was the cry, "Face, face." At last, as I groped round, I came to a preticable door. I entered a room where the western sunset glare dazzled me. I was not alone. The veiled lady in black was there. But the instant she saw me she sprang towards me, flung herself into my arms and cried, "Felix, is it you?—you are indeed my protector!"

It was Miss Jones! It was Fausta! She was the legatee of Miss Stillingfleet. My first thought was, "Oh, if that beggarly usher had let me go! Well, I—hem—hem—think I have better rights than the public again."

I took her in my arms. I carried her to the sofa. I could hardly speak for excitement. Then I did say that I had been wild with terror; that I had feared I had lost her, and lost her for ever; that to have lost that interview would have been worse to me than death; for unless she knew that I loved her better than man ever loved woman, I could not face a lonely night, and another lonely day.

"My dear, dear child," I said, "you may think me wild; but I must say this—it has been pent up too long."

"Say what you will," she said after a moment, in which still I held her in my arms. She was trembling so that she could not have sat upright alone. "Say what you will, if only you do not tell me to spend another day alone."

And I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I said, "Never, darling—God helping me—till I die!"

How long we sat there I do not know. Neither of us spoke again. For one, I looked out on the sunset and the bay. We had but just time to rearrange ourselves in positions more independent when Mr. A— came in, this time in alarm, to say,

"Miss Jones, we must get you out of this house, or we must hide you somewhere. I believe, before God, they will storm this passage, and pull the house about our ears."

He said this, not conscious as he began that I was there. At that moment, however, I felt as if I could have met a million men. I started forward and passed him, saying, "Let me speak to them." I rushed upon the stage, fairly pushing back two or three bullies who were already upon it. I sprang upon the table, kicking down the red box as I did so, so that the red tickets fell on the floor and on the people below. One stuck in an old man's spectacles, in a way which made the people in the galleries laugh. A laugh is a great blessing at such a moment. Curiosity is another. Three loud words spoken like thunder do a good deal more. And after three words the house was hushed to hear me. I said:

"Be fair to the girl. She has no father nor mother. She has no brother nor sister. She is alone in the world, with nobody to help her but the public—and me!"

The audacity of the speech brought out a cheer, and we should have come off in triumph, when some rowdy—the original "face" man, I suppose—said,

"And who are you?"

If the laugh went against me now, I was lost of course. Fortunately, I had no time to think. I said without thinking,

"I am the Child of the Public, and her betrothed husband!"

Oh, Heavens! what a yell of laughter, of hurrahings, of satisfaction with a denouement rang through the house, and showed that all was well. Burrham caught the moment, and started his band,

this time successfully—I believe with "See the Conquering Hero." The doors, of course, had been open long before. Well-disposed people saw they need stay no longer; ill-disposed people dared not stay; the blue-coated men with buttons sauntered on the stage in groups, and I suppose the worst rowdies disappeared as they saw them. I had made my single speech, and for the moment I was a hero.

I believe the mayor would have liked to kiss me. Burrham almost did. They overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations. All these I received as well as I could—somehow I did not feel at all surprised—everything was as it should be. I scarcely thought of leaving the stage myself, till, to my surprise, the mayor asked me to go home with him to dinner.

Then I remembered that we were not to spend the rest of our lives in Castle Garden. I blundered out something about Miss Jones, that she had no escort except me, and pressed into her room to find her. A group of gentlemen were around her. Her veil was back now. She was very pale, but very lovely. Have I said that she was beautiful as Heaven? She was the queen of the room, modestly and pleasantly receiving their felicitations that the danger was over, and owning that she had been very much frightened. "Until," she said, "my friend, Mr. Carter, was fortunate enough to guess that I was here. How he did it," she said, turning to me, "is yet an utter mystery to me."

She did not know till then that it was I who had shared with her the profits of the cyclopedias.

As soon as we could excuse ourselves, I asked some one to order a carriage. I sent to the ticket-office for my valise, and we rode to the St. Nicholas. I fairly laughed, as I gave the hackman, at the hotel door, what would have been my last dollar and a half, only two hours before. I entered Miss Jones's name and my own. The clerk looked, and said, inquiringly,

"Is it Miss Jones's trunk which came this afternoon?"

I followed his finger to see the trunk on the marble floor. Rowdy Rob had deserted it, having seen, perhaps, a detective when he reached Piermont. The trunk had gone to Albany, had found no owner, and had returned by the day boat of that day.

I sent Fausta to her room, and sent her supper after her. One kiss, and "Good-night!" was all that I got from her then.

"In the morning," said she, "you shall explain."

It was not yet seven. I went to my own room and dressed, and tendered myself at the mayor's just before his gay party sat down to dine. I met, for the first time in my life, men whose books I had read, and whose speeches I had by heart, and women whom I have since known to honor; and, in the midst of this brilliant group, so excited had Mr. A— been in telling the strange story of the day, I was, for the hour, the lion.

I led Mrs. A— to the table; I made her laugh very heartily by telling her of the usher's threats to me and mine to him, and of the disgrace into which I fell among the three thousand six hundreds. I had never been at any such party before. But I found it was only rather simpler and more quiet than most parties I had seen, that its good breeding was exactly that of dear Betsy Myers.

As the party broke up, Mrs. A— said to me, "Mr. Carter, I am sure you are tired, with all this excitement. You say you are a stranger here. Let me send round for your trunk to the St. Nicholas, and you shall spend the night here. I know I can make you a better bed than they."

I thought as much myself and assented. In half an hour more I was in bed in Mrs. A—'s "best room."

"I shall not sleep better," said I to myself, "than I did last night."

That was what the public did for me that night. I was safe again!

CHAPTER LAST.—FAUSTA'S STORY.

FAUSTA slept late, poor child. I called for her before breakfast. I waited for her after. About ten she appeared, so radiant, so beautiful and so kind! The trunk had revealed a dress I never saw before, and the sense of rest, and eternal security, and unbroken love had revealed a charm which was never there to see before. She was dressed for walking, and as she met me, said,

"Time for constitutional, Mr. Millionnaire."

So we walked again, quite up town, almost to the region of pig-pens and cabbage-gardens which is now the Central Park. And after just the first gush of my enthusiasm, Fausta said, very seriously: "I must teach you to be grave. You do not know whom you are asking to be your wife. Excepting Mrs. Mason, No. 27 Thirty-fourth street, sir, there is no one in the world who is of kin to me, and she does not care for me one atom; Felix," she said, almost sadly now. "You call yourself 'Child of the Public.' I started when you first said so, for that is just what I am."

"I am 22 years old. My father died before I was born. My mother, a poor woman, disliked by his relatives and avoided by them, went to live in Hoboken over there, with me. How she lived, God knows! but it happened that of a strange death she died, I in her arms."

After a pause, the poor girl went on:

"There was a great military review, an encampment. She was tempted out to see it. Of a sudden, by some mistake, a ramrod was fired from a careless soldier's gun, and it pierced her through her heart. I tell you, Felix, it pined my baby frock into the wound, so that they could not part me from her till it was cut away."

"Of course every one was filled with horror. Nobody claimed poor me, the baby. But the Battalion, the Montgomery Battalion, it was, which had, by mischance, killed my mother, adopted me as their child. I was voted 'Fille du Regiment.' They paid an assessment annually, which the col-

onel expended for me. A kind old woman nurse, I mean."

"She was your Betsy Myers," interrupted I. "And when I was old enough I was sent into Connecticut, to the best of schools. This lasted till I was sixteen. Fortunately for me, perhaps, the Montgomery Battalion then dissolved. I was finding it hard to answer the colonel's annual letters. I had my living to earn—it was best I should earn it. I declined a proposal to go out as a missionary. I had no call. I answered one of Miss Beecher's appeals for Western teachers. Most of my life since has been a schoolma'am's. It has had ups and downs. But I have always been proud that the public was my godfather; and, as you know," she said, "I have trusted the public well. I have never been lonely, wherever I went. I tried to make myself of use. Where I was of use I found society. The ministers have been kind to me. I always offered my services in the Sunday-schools and sewing-rooms. The School Committees have been kind to me. They are the public's high chamberlains for poor girls. I have written for the journals. I won one of Sartain's hundred dollar prizes—"

"And I another," interrupted I.

"When I was very poor, I won the first prize for an essay on bad boys."

"And I the second," answered I.

"I think I know one bad boy better than he knows himself," said she. But she went on. "I watched with this poor Miss Stillingfleet the night she died. This absurd 'distribution' had got hold of her, and she would not be satisfied till she had transferred that strange ticket, No. 2973, to me, writing the endorsement which you have heard. I had had a longing to visit New York and Hoboken again. This ticket seemed to me to beckon me. I had money enough to come, if I would come cheaply. I wrote to my father's business partner, and enclosed a note to his only sister. She is Mrs. Mason. She asked me, coldly enough, to her house. Old Mr. Grills always liked me—he offered me escort and passage as far as Troy or Albany. I accepted his proposal, and you know the rest."

When I told Fausta my story, she declared I made it up as I went along. When she believed it—as she does believe it now—she joined me in declaring that it was not fit that two people thus joined should ever be parted. Nor have we been, ever!

She made a hurried visit at Mrs. Mason's. She prepared there for her wedding. On the 1st of November we went into that same church which was our first home in New York; and that dear old raven-man made us

ONE!

[Our fourth Prize Story—"Ghosts, If You Please!"—one of great interest and of very original character, will be published in our next paper.]

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

ABOUT a year ago, when the upper part of the Astor House was on fire, one of the servant girls was directed to waken two gentlemen, who were asleep in an up-stairs' room. She knocked at the door, and with great simplicity said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the house is on fire."

THERE is a good anecdote told of Robbie Johnson, who, in the year 1700, was provost of Dundee. His services being required on a certain occasion, a messenger was dispatched to his house, who, upon asking for the provost, was told by the maid wife that "he was awa' to the whin hill for pocketful o' whins." Off scampers the gallant to the whin hill, and soon the provost appeared, and throwing down his bag, pulled off his bonnet, and wiping the sweat from his bald pate, said,

"Where's my wig? I'm to sit in judgment to-day." "Your wig," quoth Janet; "did I ever hear sic a man? How can you get your wig? Dye no ken the hen's laying in't?"

A TRIFLING sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affection of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being a poor young man, etc.

"Yas, yas," said the old man, "I know all about it; but you is a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

PAWNBROKERS and lovers ought to join the army, because they understand "popping;" pickpockets, because they are used to "rifling;" shopmen, because they are used to "countermarking;" and foundrymen, glassblowers, smiths and stokers, because they can "stand fire."

FLAP HATS.—A good story, but an old one, is told of a man who, on stooping to pick up a hat with a boat-hook, heard a voice within it, crying out, "What are you hooking my head for?" and on examination the astonished citizen found a man beneath, and on making out to get at him was told that he had a horse beneath himself!

A DRUNKEN Scotchman from a fair fell asleep by the roadside, when a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared, "Whin's kissing me now? Ye see what it is to be weel liked among the lasses!"

SAVIN was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions:

"Not on any account," said he.

"Why not?" asked the collector; "the object is laudable."

"No, it isn't," replied Savin; "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

A LADY refused her lover's request that she would give him her portrait.

"Ah! it matters not," he replied; "when blessed with the original, who cares for the copy?"

The lady, both ignorant and indignant—

"I don't think myself more original than anybody else."

"Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?" "I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

A FOSSIL BIRD.—A fossil "feathered enigm" has just been secured by the British Museum. It is a fossil found in the Solenhofen slate (Bavaria), and contains the fore and hind extremities, pelvis, ribs and tail of an animal like a feathered lizard. The fore limbs are feathered, and also the tail, and the whole suggests a creature intermediate between reptile and bird, and previously wholly unknown. This discovery would seem to soften the lines of demarcation between species and genera, and so to make for Mr. Darwin's theory.

A QUESTION.

SHALL woman's worth be held disgraced,
If beauty fail her lip or cheek?
Shall stainless merit stoop abased
To those that will not deeper seek?
Each look of thine is worth the gems
Round many royal diadems.

Of simple manners, nobly sad,
Love-winning eyes for sick or poor,
Intent to succor, making glad
The poor man by his cottage door,
I see thee move, I see thee go,
A light amid the gloom below.

THE TEST OF ETHEL VINTON.

"I AM SORRY, Nelly, that I cannot do as you wish, if it were but because you request it." "Oh, Ethel! don't say because I request it. Let it be only a spontaneous heart-offering, if you would give it at all."

I fancied that Ethel looked annoyed; that there was the least perceptible biting of the lips and clouding of the forehead. I was not really disposed to insist on my request; and now, as I view the matter after a year's time has passed, I am inclined to think that even what I did say was urging it a little beyond the bounds of strict delicacy. It was, however, at a time when words and acts were not closely weighed, and all those nicer barriers of intercourse broke down before the flood of patriotism that gushed out of every heart and lips.

I had offered Ethel Vinton a list of subscriptions, headed by so many of her nearest and dearest friends and had asked her to add her name for such amount as she saw fit. It was intended that the money should be used to provide the regiment that was about leaving our town with such comforts as were not dealt out to them by the State. It was to this request that Ethel Vinton had answered No!

I was turning away when Ethel spoke again. "Nelly, would it not be wisdom to reserve some of the money you have there subscribed for the wounded who must soon return to us?"

Looking back upon it now, I do not know why I felt this remark; but then I fancied it came from her lips with an ill-grace, and I answered sharply—

"Where this comes from there will come plenty more when the necessity arrives. This is the heart-offering of loyal men and women!"

There was a quick flush spread over the face of Ethel, and a rapid flashing of her eyes into mine; but I did not wait until an answer came to my harsh words. I flung out of the room with an angry curl upon my lip, which lasted me until I had relieved my mind by telling the circumstance that caused it to one or two inquiring neighbors.

"There was good cause," they suggested to me, "for suspecting the loyalty of Ethel Vinton. Why should she not have sympathy with the South in this struggle? For the last four years she had been residing as governess in the neighborhood of Montgomery; and had she not said repeatedly that those four years were the happiest of her life. Did she not now assert that many of her warmest friends were in the South. How then could it be otherwise than as we believed—that her heart was with the other side, and that she would do nothing to aid the struggle that should militate against them."

Ethel Vinton was born and brought up among us at Westport, and was certainly, as far as we know by her speech and outer life, attached beyond measure to her New England home. It was but a few weeks before that she had returned from Montgomery, hurried on at a day's notice by what was supposed to be the mortal illness of her mother. Within those few weeks the blaze of war had broken from the smouldering passion, the postal and travelling communication was cut off, and Ethel was left at the North shut away from every connection with her new-made Southern home. One compensation there was in all this, which was the recovery of her mother. The coming of Ethel had infused new life into Mrs. Vinton, and against the prophecies of neighbors and physicians, she had rallied and was fast advancing to perfect health.

A few hours brought coolness, and I sincerely regretted the harsh words I had spoken to Ethel, and still more regretted that I had repeated to any one the substance of our interview. The town had not got far enough advanced from a village but what news flew fast, and I might expect that what I had said would with inconceivable rapidity spread all over Westport.

It was the next day that I went again to see Ethel. My conscience troubled me sorely, and I was anxious to remove the effect of the day before by some kind word or act. Ethel met me with the same calm smile she always wore; there was nothing in her face or speech that would signify the lingering memory of what had passed. I am afraid that I acted very foolishly at first, in attempting to reach Ethel's heart in a roundabout way; but it would not do, and finally, like a great child, I blurted out my sorrow for the harshness of the day before. I thought I never saw any one so beautiful as was Ethel Vinton as she stood before me, holding my hands in hers, and looking straight into my eyes after I had told her that day that I wished my brother George would only love her, that I might have her really for a sister.

"You would not wish so if you thought I could not love him, would you, Nelly?"

This was a supposition that my mind refused for a moment to entertain. My brother George was every way too desirable and lovable in my eyes to admit for one moment that there should be no response from whatever quarter he might choose to throw the land-kerchief, and so I told Ethel in as plain words as womanly delicacy admitted.

"But, don't you think, little lady, that such a thing may be as that I have left some sighing swain behind me in the sunny South to whom I am bound to return?"

"What, Ethel, a Southerner, a Secessionist?"

"Are the terms synonymous, Nelly?"

I was silent for a moment, but yet the blood boiled up a little in my heart to think that such a thing could be possible that any other, no matter whom, could stand higher in her heart than my brother George. Ethel went on:

"I should be sorry to believe that all of those whom I left in Montgomery could be so branded. There are those in whose veins runs good Southern blood, Nelly, who are not traitors."

To my excited ears at that moment her words seemed very like a defence of all those whom I had

within a short time learned to believe were the enemies of the Union, and consequently of myself.

"But what are they all to him, Ethel. To my brother who is going away to battle for his conscience sake. He is so good, too. It was only this morning that I heard Col. Matthews say that Captain George Edwards was the best soldier and noblest gentleman in the regiment, and was in every way better fitted to command it than himself. That was praise indeed, Ethel!"

She had looked very sad before when speaking of her friends in the South, but now, under the fire of praise I showered on my brother, Ethel's eyes sparkled and laughed way back in her head. Yes, she was certainly very beautiful! Ethel was older than myself by a few years, and yet we had been girls together. I remembered how, in my very earliest years, I had so admired her and built up little childish castles about the time when she should grow older and should love my brother George, who was then away at college. And then the time came when George returned and Ethel was grown to be a woman. I fancied that my hopes were about to be realized and that my brother would love her, but within a few months of this time my mother died, and within a few weeks of our affliction the same fell upon Ethel, but with a vast difference in the results. Myself and brother were left by my father's decease wealthy, far beyond our hope or belief; while Ethel's died bankrupt, leaving her worse than penniless, with a mother incapable of exertion. It was soon known in Westport that Ethel Vinton would be glad to obtain any position that would yield the means of support, and the good people were dreadfully exercised in mind on her account, and immeasurably relieved when it was announced that a Southern family, who had stopped a day or two while passing through Westport, had engaged the fatherless girl to go with them to Montgomery.

I shall say nothing in favor of my brother George but what he deserves, and I remember well that at the period of Ethel's departure I was so especially piqued at his coolness toward the one whom I had selected for my future sister, that I could not help giving him a piece of my mind on the subject. I was provoked, because I was inclined to believe that George had allowed his head to be turned by those who sought him, and flattered him for his wealth, and because they believed him, as the saying is, the greatest catch in the country.

It is several years since this onset of mine at George, but every word of it is fresh in my memory. He answered my tirade with,

"And so, Miss Matchmaker, I am to marry whomsoever you may select, out of hand, at once, without any grumbling, am I? Did it never strike you, Miss Nelly, that it will be necessary for me to marry more within my own circle?"

"Your own circle, George! And is not Ethel Vinton within your own circle?"

"She is poor; but now, Nelly, there is Sarah Lee, who is rich. What do you say to her for a sister?"

Positively he looked wicked to me when he said this, and if ever a repulsive thought sprang up in my breast toward George it was at that moment. He knew well that this Sarah Lee was his utter detestation. She was rich, as he had said. Richer, perhaps, than any girl in all the country round, but she could not boast one atom of beauty, and at school was the very dunce and butt of every class.

"Are you poor yourself, George, that you must go about searching for a rich wife? Do you pretend to compare Sarah Lee with Ethel Vinton, even though the one were penniless and the other rolling in millions?"

He laughed provokingly at my earnestness, and followed up his argument.

"And then there will be something more about Sarah Lee, if I am rightly informed. She will not only have the gold, but she will know how to take care of it."

"Yes!" I echoed, almost with a shout of derision, "she will take care of it. I never knew her to bestow a penny upon a beggar in my life. When we would get up our little parties or picnics at school, Sarah never showed the color of her money in their aid, but she never refused to come in and share. Ay! more than share the good things that were provided."

"Bravo! little one. She is the girl for me! There's no nonsense about Sarah Lee, Nelly. With such a wife I shall never die in the poorhouse, sister."

I couldn't believe my brother George in earnest, even though he suffered Ethel to go away so quietly, and so time taught me; for notwithstanding Sarah Lee had not only the presumption to admire him, but to let that admiration—I will not say love, for I don't think she was capable of loving anything but herself—become known through all our neighborhood, George seemed as callous and cold to her golden charms as he was to the personal ones of half a score of other sighing ones.

The four years of Ethel's absence slipped away, and I had my partial revenge against George by seizing every opportunity for a moral lecture on opportunities lost, always ending off by showing him what a frightful mistake he had made when he failed to secure Ethel Vinton for a wife, and how I made no doubt that his punishment would be to descend the vale of life in the miserable character of an old bachelor, with nothing to recommend him to the attention of the world but his money. George generally had a stereotyped answer to it all, which ran somewhat in this wise:

"Oh! there's no hurry, Nelly. There's Sarah Lee always ready. Depend upon it she'll never marry while I remain single. We're waiting for each other, sister."

I felt as if he was only jesting, and yet every time the jest was repeated it sat sorely on my heart. Every time I thought of Sarah Lee as a sister, a cold shudder ran over me that carried with it as much bitterness as the dread of my brother's death.

This was the state of things when Ethel Vinton returned from the South. In all she was the same Ethel as of old, but since the convulsion that had swept over the country, and had prevented her return, a settled sadness had fallen upon her face, broken only once in a while by such a smile as was now there, as she stood facing me on that day when I went to make peace with my own heart, and to wonder how any man, much less my brother George, could remain unconquered by the loveliness of Ethel Vinton.

The regiment went away, but Ethel was not abroad, as all West Point was, to witness its going. George had gone among his old friends on the day before to bid them farewell, Ethel among the rest, and I wanted her to be with me and wave an adieu to the marching column, and bid them "God speed!" but she refused.

Could it be that she whom I so loved was disloyal? This was the question that struggled up and in my mind, as I stood alone on Willie's Hill watching the departing regiment. "Many things came up in

confirmation of my thoughts that my very heart drooped under the weight of it. I could not be influenced by the tattle of the neighbors, for I knew Ethel Vinton much better than all of them together, but still the day would come back to me when she had refused a subscription to the list I had presented. And then would follow the fact that almost invariably she had refused when I would ask her to accompany me to the camp grounds, and though she had been present at the presentation of the flag, it had been, not with enthusiasm, but with tears trickling upon her cheeks that she had hailed the unfurling.

It may be supposed that all this threw a shadow between Ethel and myself, though I believe that I studied hard to prevent it from showing in our daily intercourse.

It was not until after the regiment had been some weeks gone, that with a great jump my heart came nearer to Ethel in a moment of peril. There had been a battle fought, and the reports of it came in slowly and with uncertainty. My brother was wounded, how or in what way we did not know. It was simply "Captain George Edwards, wounded." Ethel had heard it as soon as myself, and hurried to mingle her fears and hopes with mine. It was at that moment of unlocking our hearts that Ethel told me of letters received from George and of her correspondence with him; in that moment of my dread that I grasped at Ethel's confession as a ray of the future, and commenced one more to build the air castles of my child days. Half in joy at the pictures I drew, and half in terror lest they never should be realized, I wept in Ethel's arms.

A few days, days that were ages, even though lightened by Ethel Vinton's cheering, brought us news. My brother's wound was slight, a bit of shell had touched him on the breast, and a severe contusion from the fall of his horse, which was killed by the same explosion. He was unable to do duty, and a month's furlough had been granted. In less than a week he would be with us again, to be nursed into health. How eagerly I watched Ethel's face when I told her this news—for it came to me first. She could not deceive me now; she loved George, I knew it certainly, when I saw the rich, warm blood spring into her cheeks as I told it.

There was only one cloud to float across all the landscape now, and this was the memory of that day when Ethel had denied me her name and money in aid of our regiment. If I could but have shown our tattling neighbors that Ethel's name was on the list, it would have contented me. They did not dare to talk openly of Ethel Vinton, nor yet of myself, for my association, but I could well understand the hints and unspoken allusions, and many a time they almost goaded me into sharp and bitter opposition—an opposition that I should have certainly given vent to, could I have felt sure of my cause.

I was surprised, when upon the day we expected George, that my proposition to Ethel that she should drive with me to the station and meet our wounded hero was accepted. It was so rare, in the days before his departure, that she would join me in a walk or ride in which he made part. To me this was so apparent, that not only could I not persuade myself that there was a shadow of love in Ethel's heart, but I had begun bitterly to believe that the true feeling was aversion.

It was not until we reached the station that a telegraphic message was put into my hand, with intelligence that George's coming would be delayed nearly three hours by his inability to reach the morning train, and that we could only expect him in the one succeeding. This was provoking, but there was nothing for it but patience, and a detention at the depot, during which we could endeavor to make ourselves as comfortable as possible over a few old county newspapers and a thoroughly thumbed copy of a dilapidated magazine. It was not very reasonable to suppose that we could settle into a thorough appreciation of them, excited as we were from the expected arrival, and, as a consequence, our eyes wandered to a critical analysis of every newcomer, or to every lounge about the place. There was one, a cleanly clad, but speaking loud of poverty, woman, who sat in the far corner of the room, rather cowering into a niche formed by the window. In her arms a young child slept, while, drawn up on her skirt, which was spread out for its bed, lay another, apparently about four years old. There was a look of quiet sorrow on the face of the woman that could not fail to attract the attention of any who were not in such haste that they could not be attracted by any sorrow or any joy. Several times during the first half hour I saw her eyes raised timidly to those of Ethel, and, as she saw that she was observed, quickly cast down again to the sleeping child beside her. I had a strong inclination to cross the room and speak to the woman; and even while I was conversing in my mind in what way I should do it without appearing obtrusive, Ethel arose and crossed the room.

There was a manner and grace about what Ethel did that I would have given worlds to have accomplished, and I am sure there never was a better exemplification of it than the quiet way in which she seated herself beside the woman, and, taking the little hand of the shrinking child at her side, entered into conversation with the mother. I wanted then to cross the room and join in the talk, but I could not summon the courage, and I felt as though I should be breaking the confidential communings of the two, until I saw the tears trickling down the cheeks of the woman, and that Ethel's eyes were not altogether dry, and then I felt as if it was a right that I should share whatever of sorrow could move Ethel.

It was a sad tale of one of those distresses of the very poor that are so lightly reckoned by the rich, because of the smallness of the required relief, but which, to those who are condemned to suffer, have equal significance with really great sorrows.

The woman was the wife of a soldier, and had started away from a distant village that morning, with the purpose of reaching some relatives in another State—relatives with whom she supposed to dwell until her husband could send her some portion of the pay he would receive.

"Oh, indeed, indeed, madam, he would," was her answer in reply to Ethel's inquiry whether her husband would send her any portion of his pay when he did receive it. "Not a cent would he touch until he has shut off the greater part to myself and the child."

She had left her old home to seek a new one that morning with the ticket which was to carry her through, but upon the first call of the conductor to "Show your tickets!" the woman failed to produce hers. It was lost. And the conductor, with a stretch of generosity without parallel, and calculated, as he said, to bring him into disgrace with the company, offered the privilege of riding as far as the junction, after which she and her two children must do the best they could, which best was only to seek herself

despairingly in the depot, and in dumb acquiescence await her fate among strangers.

Ethel only forestalled me when she arranged that the woman should have the vacant seat and return with us in the carriage to Westport, where she should remain until the following day, when she should be sent forward upon her journey. The poor thing, amid a flood of tears, overwhelmed us with thanks; and I, with the tears almost bursting forth, could only press Ethel's little white hand and whisper to her of my love and of my admiration for her every act.

"And now, Nelly," she said, walking a little way from the grateful woman, "this must be all my own charge. I am selfish enough not to admit you in the work. I have taken on my hands the sending this poor soldier's wife on her way rejoicing. I have conscience money to expend, darling, and have sought for many days an object on whom to expend it."

I looked at her in wonder, and could only repeat, "Conscience money!"

"Yes, Nelly, conscience money. Do you remember the day upon which you asked my subscription toward the regiment?"

Did I remember it? The words seemed almost like a mockery. I could not trust myself with an answer, but bowed my head.

"Well, darling, a free confession, they say, is good for the soul. Since that time, Nelly, I have become a millionaire."

I looked at her for an explanation.

"A terrible confession it is to make, Nelly, that she whom you have so sought for your rich brother's wife should have been so poor that the pittance you asked at her hands was an impossibility, and yet so it was. You will remember the suddenness with which I was shut away from my friends in Montgomery. With them was all my little worldly wealth, the savings of my labors. I knew that in good time, when the opportunity offered, it would by some means be sent me. How this end was achieved I have no means of knowing, but I do know that last week I received by mail a notification from a banking-house in New York that the sum due was in their hands, subject to my draft. And so you see, Miss Nelly, I am once more rich, and as the regiment is gone, and I could not make my loyalty good on that, I must be excused for hunting up other uses for my patriotic fund. This poor soldier's wife is the first chance I have had, and to her at least shall go one share."

Oh! but she did look almost angelic in my eyes; and, even while I was looking into her very heart's depths, a thought flashed through my brain, and, without giving it a moment's rest, out it came in the shape of a question.

"And, Ethel, was it this same poverty which you have been so concealing that induced you to spurn my brother's love, the truest love that was ever laid at a woman's feet, for I am satisfied now that my brother loves you and that he has so told you?"

A quick clasp in her arms and a kiss was half an answer, and then she said with a smile:

"Would you have the poor governess grasp at the love of your rich brother on the first offering?"

And so it had been all a matter of pride on the part of Ethel that had separated my brother and herself for those four long years. I was almost angry, and yet I was glad that Ethel had shown this pride, and still more glad that something had occurred to break it, thanks to my brother's wound.

The screech of the steam whistle, far down the road, brought us back to his coming, and in a few moments the long train shot down to the station, and his blessed brown face looked out of one of the windows. In an another minute he was in our arms, Ethel's as well as mine, in the last of which I verily believe he would have been held to the present hour had it not been for a small excitement got up by Ethel's *protege*, who hung sobbing and crying in the embraces of the tall, sandy-whiskered and manly-looking sergeant, who acted as my brother's attendant.

It was her husband, the very identical Sergeant McGuire who had carried my brother off the field when he was wounded, and to whom he was indebted, if not for his life, at least for his liberty from a Southern prison.

A happier party never drove over the hills than ours that day, and George read in Ethel's eyes all that had been told me before his arrival.

And now after the lapse of a week I shall close the matter by saying that George and Ethel are to be married next Thursday evening, a haste that has only been overruled with Ethel and arguments of the weightiest kind, and threats of consignment to Fort Lafayette for refusal. She has preferred imprisonment in the hearts of those who love her.

And Mrs. Sergeant McGuire is to remain with Ethel in the capacity of general "help," until her husband is promoted to a lieutenantancy, which George says will not be long if he does one or two more such dashing things as he seemed to think a mere matter of amusement heretofore.

New York, Jan. 17, 1868.

W.

SURAT COTTON, from India, is chiefly relied on in England to supply the place of American. The spinner, however, do not like it, and Mr. Bright, in his recent speech, illustrated their distaste for it by a story, which will offend only those who think that men should never pray for the bread they need. "The other day, while a Methodist minister was supplanting the Supreme Being at a prayer meeting, and asking, among other things, for a supply of cotton for the furnishing operatives, one man, with a keen sense of what he had suffered, interposed the ejaculation, 'Yea, Lord, but not Surat.' This man was honest, nearly as honest as the old man who, falling over a bridge, prayed that God would protect him, and quickly, for there is no time to spare."

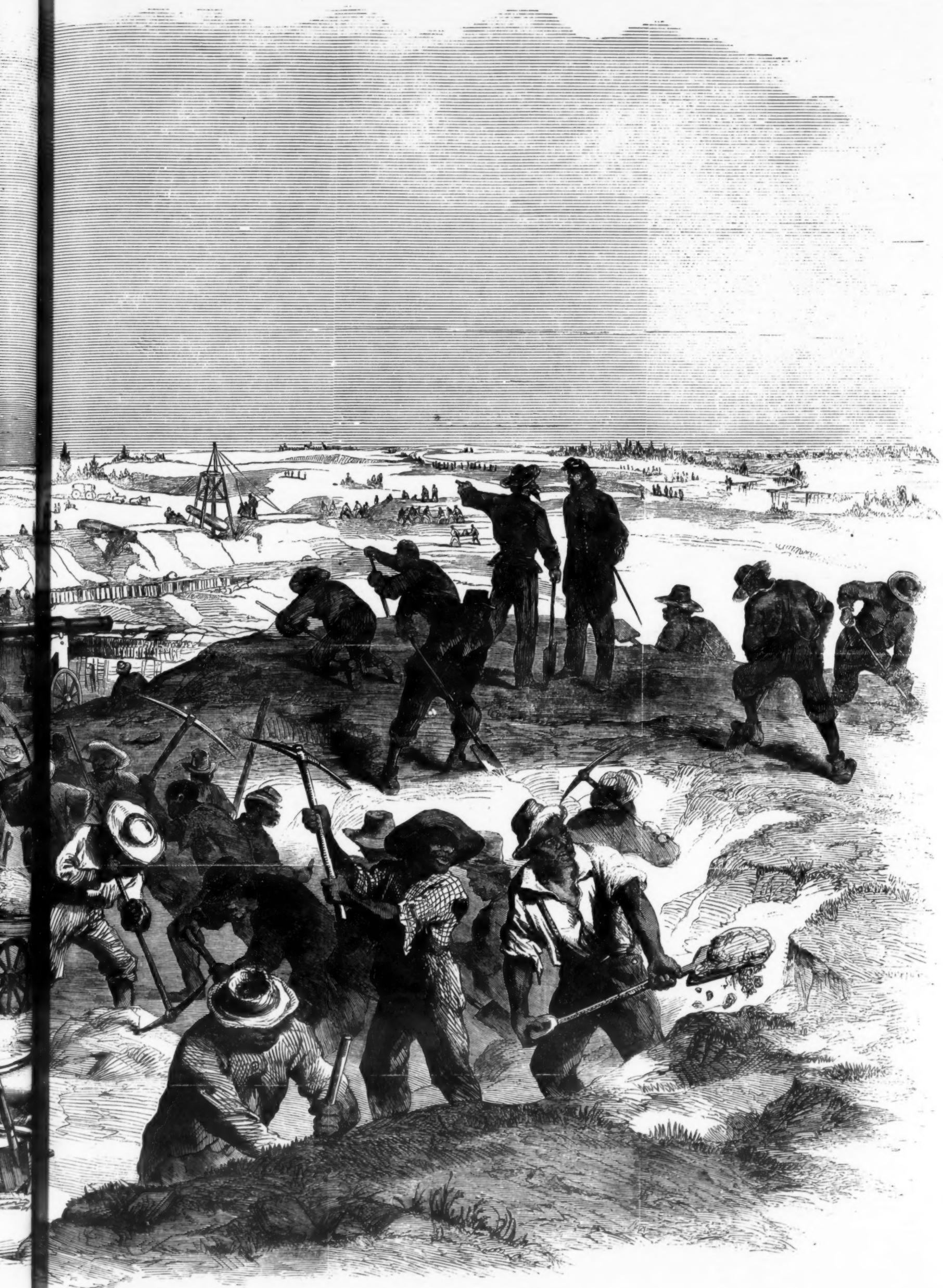
THE greatest of English female novelists, dead or living, undoubtedly was Miss Austin, of whom Sir Walter Scott wrote, after reading "Pride and Prejudice": "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful thing I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can myself do, like any now going, but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

IN the Italian Parliament there are 438 members. Of these 4 are authors, 4 admirals, 5 bankers, 8 merchants, 10 priests, 21 civil engineers, 13 judges, 24 generals, 25 physicians, 32 professors, 135 lawyers, the rest being independent gentlemen. There are 2 princes, 3 dukes, 23 viscounts, 29 counts, 25 barons, 50 men decorated with the greater orders of knighthood, 112 cavaliers, and 6 or 7 millionaires. Among the Deputies there are also 5 deaf, 3 lame, many short-sighted, and the greater number bald, but none dumb.

A FRENCH chemist has found a way of extracting alcohol from coal gas. We can do it here from old bottles and barrels—any quantity of it.



Fort Moultrie. Rafts. Fort Sumter. Blockading Fleet. Cummings Point.
THE REBELS PREPARING FOR THE UNION ATTACK ON CHARLESTON—THE CONFEDERATES BUILDING FORTIFICATIONS ON JAMES ISLAND, UN



DEFENSE OF GEN. BEAUREGARD, TO REPEL THE LAND ATTACKS OF THE UNION TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. P. PALMER, LATE OF THE 21ST REGT. S. C. CONFEDERATE VOLUNTEERS.

HELEN, KNITTING.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

LITTLE Helen, on her chair—
Patiently at work was she;
And in ringlets fell her hair—
Lovely did she seem to me—
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I,
How I love to see your skill!
I am half inclined to try—
And I most believe I will!
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

In a whirl the fingers fly,
First one needle, then the next;
She might with her mother vie—
But for me, I am perplexed;
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Then a zigzag cross this way,
Then a curious whirl again—
How she makes the fingers play—
It's no business for the men!
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Now the curious seam is made—
How to do it I can't tell—
But the skill she has displayed,
Makes me think she does it well;
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Now the toe is closed and done—
What a pretty sock is this—
It is knitting number one!
Go and get your mother's kiss!
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I,
How I love to see your skill;
And the pleasure in her eye
Made my heart with pleasure fill;
Helen sitting
At her knitting.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

VEXATIONS intrude into the most luxurious home, whatever may be the superfluity of room, the admirable style of the architecture; and they were just now agitating Deerham Court.

On the morning Lady Verner and Lucy Tempest received each a letter from India. Both were from Col. Tempest. The contents of Lady Verner's annoyed her, and the contents of Lucy's annoyed her!

It appeared that some considerable time back, nearly, if not quite, twelve months, Lucy had privately written to Col. Tempest, urgently requesting to be allowed to go out to join him. She gave no reason or motive for the request, but urged it strongly. That letter, in consequence of the moving about of Col. Tempest, had only just reached him; and now had arrived the answer to it. He told Lucy that he should very shortly be returning to Europe; therefore it was useless for her to think of going out.

Lionel entered, and Lady Verner put him in possession of the facts. That for some cause which Lucy refused to explain, she wanted to leave Deerham Court; had been writing, twelve months back, to Col. Tempest to be allowed to join him in India; and the negative answer had arrived but that morning. Lady Verner would like the motive for her request explained; but Lucy was obstinate, and would not explain it.

Lionel turned his eyes on Lucy. If she had stood self-conscious before Lady Verner, she stood doubly self-conscious now. Her eyelashes were drooping, her cheeks were crimson.

"She says she has no fault to find with me, no fault to find with the arrangements of my house," pursued Lady Verner. "Then I want to know what else it is that should drive her away from Deerham. Look at her, Lionel! That is how she stands; unable to give me an answer."

Lady Verner might equally well have said, Look at Lionel. He stood self-conscious also. Too well he knew the motive—absence from him—which had actuated Lucy. From him, the married man, the man who had played her false; away, anywhere, from witnessing the daily happiness of him and his wife. He read it all, and Lucy saw that he did.

"It was no such strange wish, surely, to be where my dear papa is!" she exclaimed, the crimson of her cheeks turning to scarlet.

"No," murmured Lionel, "no such strange wish. I wish I could go to India, and free the neighborhood of my presence!"

A curious wish! Lady Verner did not understand it. Lionel gave her no opportunity to inquire its meaning, for he turned to quit the room and the house. She rose and laid her hand upon his arm to detain him.

"I have an engagement," pleaded Lionel.

"A moment yet. Lionel, what is this nonsense that is disturbing the equanimity of Deerham? About a ghost?"

"Ah, what indeed?" returned Lionel, in a careless tone, as if he would make light of it. "You know what Deerham is, mother. Some think Dan has his own shadow, some a white cow in the kitchen is sufficient marvel for Deerham."

"So vulgar a notion!" reiterated Lady Verner, resuming her seat, and taking her essence bottle in her delicately gloved hands. "I wonder you don't stop it, Lionel!"

"I!" cried Lionel, opening his eyes in considerable surprise. "How am I to stop it?"

"You are the lord of Deerham. It is vulgar, I say, to have such a report afloat on your estate."

Lionel smiled. "I don't know how you are to put away vulgarity from stargazers and villagers. Or ghosts, either—if they once get ghosts in their heads."

He finally left the Court, and turned towards home. His mother's words about the ghost had brought the subject to his mind. If, indeed, it had required bringing; but the whispered communication of the vicar the previous night had scarcely been out of his thoughts since. It troubled him. In spite of himself, of his good sense and reason, there was an undercurrent of uneasiness at work within him. Why should there be? Lionel could not have explained had he been required to do it. That Frederick Massingbird was dead and buried, there could be no shade of doubt; and ghosts had no place in the creed of Lionel Verner. All true; but the consciousness of uneasiness was there, and he could not ignore it.

In the last few days the old feeling touching Lucy had been revived with unpleasant force. Since that night which she had spent at his house, when they saw, or fancied they saw, a man hiding himself under the tree, he had thought of her more than was agreeable—more than was right, he would have said, but that he saw not how to avoid it. The little episode of this morning at his mother's house had served to open his eyes most completely; to show him how intense was his love for Lucy Tempest. It must be confessed that his wife did little towards striving to retain his love.

He went along, thinking of these things; he would have put them from him, but he could not. The more he tried, the more unpleasantly vivid they became.

As he turned into the principal street again, he saw Master Dan Duff at the door of his mother's shop. A hasty impulse prompted Lionel to question the boy of what he saw that unlucky night; or believed he saw. He crossed over, but Master Dan retreated inside the shop. Lionel followed him.

"Well, Dan! Have you overcome the fright of the cow yet?"

"Twarn't a cow, please sir," replied Dan, timidly. "Twere a ghost."

"Whose ghost?" returned Lionel.

Dan hesitated. He stood first on one leg then on the other.

"Please, sir, 'twarn't Rachel's," said he, presently.

"Whose, then?" repeated Lionel.

"Please, sir, mother said I warn't to tell you. Roy, he said, if I told it to anybody, I should be took and hanged."

"But I say that you are to tell me," said Lionel. And his pleasant tone, combined with the fact, perhaps, that he was Mr. Verner, effected more with Dan Duff than his mother's sharp tone or Roy's threatening one.

"Please, sir," glancing round to make sure that his mother was not within hearing, "twere Mr. Fred Massingbird's. They can't talk me out on't, sir. I see'd the porky as plain as I see'd him. He were—"

Dan brought his information to a summary stand-still. Bustling down the stairs was that revered mother. She came in, eurtseying fifty times to Lionel.

"What could she have the honor of serving him with?"

He was leaning over the counter, and she concluded he had come to patronise the shop. Lionel laughed.

"I am a profitless customer, I believe, Mrs. Duff. I was only talking to Dan."

Dan sidled off to the street door. Once there, he took to his heels, out of harm's way. Mr. Verner might get telling his mother more particulars, and it was as well to be at a safe distance.

Lionel, however, had no intention to betray trust. He stood chatting a few minutes with Mrs. Duff. He and Mrs. Duff had been great friends when he was an Eton boy; many a time had he ransacked her shop over for flies, and gut and other fishing-tackle, a supply of which Mrs. Duff professed to keep. She listened to him with a somewhat pre-occupied manner. In point of fact, she was debating a question with herself.

"Sir," said she, rubbing her hands nervously one over the other, "I should like to make bold to ask a favor of you. But I don't know how it might be took. I'm fearful it might be took as a cause of offence."

"Not by me. What is it?"

"It's a delicate thing, sir, to have to ask about," resumed she. "And I shouldn't venture, sir, to speak to you, but that I'm so put to it, and that I've got it in my head it's through the fault of the servants."

She spoke with evident reluctance. Lionel, he scarcely knew why, leaped to the conclusion that she was about to say something regarding the subject then agitating Deerham—the ghost of Frederick Massingbird. Unconsciously to himself, the pleasant manner changed to one of constraint.

"Say what you have to say, Mrs. Duff."

"Well, sir—but I'm sure I beg a hundred thousand pardons for mentioning of it—it's about the bill," she answered, lowering her voice. "If I could be paid, sir, it 'ud be the greatest help to me. I don't know hardly how to keep on."

No revelation touching the ghost could have given Lionel the surprise imparted by these ambiguous words. But his constraint was gone.

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Duff. What is it?"

"The bill what's owing to me, sir, from Verner's Pride. It's a large sum for me, sir—thirty-two pound odd. I have to keep up my payments for my goods, sir, whether or not, or I should be a bankrupt to-morrow. Things is hard upon me just now, sir, though I don't want everybody to know it. There's that big son o' mine, Dick, out o' work. If I could have the bill, or only part of it, it 'ud be like a godsend."

"Who owes you the bill?" asked Lionel.

"It's your good lady, sir, Mrs. Verner."

"Who?" echoed Lionel, his accent quite a sharp one.

"Mrs. Verner, sir."

Lionel stood gazing at the woman. He could not take in the information; he believed there must be some mistake.

"It were for things supplied between the time Mrs. Verner came home after your marriage, sir, and when she went to London in the spring. The French madmizel, sir, came down and ordered some on 'em; and Mrs. Verner herself, sir, ordered others."

Lionel looked around the shop. He did not disbelieve the woman's words, but he was in a maze of astonishment. Perhaps a doubt of the Frenchwoman crossed his mind.

"There's nothing here that Mrs. Verner would wear!" he exclaimed.

"There's many odds and ends of things here, sir, as is useful to a lady's toilette; and you'd be surprised, sir, to find how such things mounts up when they be had continual. But the chief part o' the bill, sir, is for two silk gowns as was had off our traveller. Mrs. Verner, sir, she happened to be here when he called in, one day last winter, and she saw his patterns, and she chose two dresses, and said she'd buy 'em of me if I ordered 'em. Which in course I did, sir, and paid for 'em, and sent 'em up. I saw her wear 'em both, sir, after they was made up, and very nice they looked."

Lionel had heard quite enough.

"Where is the bill?" he inquired.

"It have been sent in, sir, long ago. When I found Mrs. Verner didn't pay it afore she went away, I made bold to write and ask her. Miss West she gave me the address in London, and said she wished she could pay me herself. I didn't get a answer, sir, and I made bold to write again, and I never got one then. Twice I have been up to Verner's Pride, sir, since you come home this time, but I can't get to see Mrs. Verner. That French madmizel's one o' the best I ever see at putting folks off. Sir, it goes again the grain to trouble you; but if I could have got to see Mrs. Verner, I never would have said a word. Perhaps if you'd be so good as to tell her, sir, how hard I'm put to it, she'd send me a little."

"I am sure she will," said Lionel. "You shall have your money to-day, Mrs. Duff."

He turned out of the shop, a scarlet spot of emotion on his cheek. Thirty-two pounds owing to poor Mrs. Duff! Was it thoughtlessness on Sibylla's part? He strove to beat down the conviction that it was a less excusable error.

But the Verner pride had been wounded to its very core.

Gathered before a target on the lawn, in their archery costume gleaming with green and gold, was a fair group, shooting their arrows in the air. Far more went into the air than struck the target. They were the visitors of Verner's Pride, and Sibylla, the hostess, was the gayest, the merriest, the fairest among them.

Lionel came on to the terrace, descended the step, and crossed the lawn to join them, as courtly, as apparently gay, as if that bill of Mrs. Duff's was not making havoc of his heartstrings. They all ran to surround him. It was not often they had so attractive a host to surround, and attractive men are, and always will be, welcome to women. A few minutes, a quarter of an hour given to them, an untroubled smoothness on his brow, a smile upon his lips, and then he contrived to draw his wife aside.

"Oh, Lionel, I forgot to tell you," she exclaimed. "Poynton has been here. He knows of the most charming pair of gray ponies, he says. And they can be ours if secured at once."

"I don't want gray ponies," replied Lionel.

"But I do," cried Sibylla. "You say I am too timid to drive. It is all nonsense; I should soon get over the timidity. I will learn to drive, Lionel. Mrs. Jocelyn, come here!" she cried out.

Mrs. Jocelyn, a young and pretty woman, almost as pretty as Sibylla, answered to the summons.

"Tell Mr. Verner what Poynton said about the ponies."

"Oh, you must not miss the opportunity," cried Mrs. Jocelyn to Lionel. "They are perfectly beautiful, the man said. Very dear, of course; but you know nobody looks at money when buying horses for a lady. Mrs. Verner must have them. You might secure them to-day."

"I have no room in my stables for more horses," said Lionel, smiling at Mrs. Jocelyn's eagerness.

"Yes you have, Lionel," interposed his wife, "or room must be made. I have ordered the ponies to be brought."

"I shall send them back," said Lionel, laughing. "Don't you wish your wife to take to driving, Mr. Verner? Don't you like to see a lady drive? Some don't."

"I think there is no necessity for a lady to drive, while she has a husband at her side to drive for her," was the reply of Lionel.

"Well, if I had such a husband as you to drive for me, I don't know but I might subscribe to that doctrine," candidly avowed Mrs. Jocelyn. "I would not miss these ponies were I Mrs. Verner. They are calling me. It is my turn, I suppose."

She ran back to the shooting. Sibylla was following her, but Lionel caught her hand, and drew her into a covered walk. Placing her hand within his arm, he began to pace it.

"I must go back, too, Lionel."

"Presently. Sibylla, I have been terribly vexed this morning."

"Oh now, Lionel, don't you begin about 'vexing,'" interrupted Sibylla, in the foolish, light, affected manner which had grown worse of late, more intolerable to Lionel. "I have ordered the ponies. Poynton will send them in; and if there's really not room in the stables, you must see about it, and give orders that room must be made."

"I cannot buy the ponies," he firmly said. "My dear, I have given in to your every wish, to your most trifling whim; but, as I told you a few days ago, these ever-recurring needless expenses I cannot stand. Sibylla"—and his voice grew hoarse—"do you know that I am becoming embarrassed?"

"I don't care if you are," pouted Sibylla, "I must have the ponies."

His heart ached. Was this the loving wife—the intelligent companion for whom he had once yearned?—the friend who should be as his own soul? He had married the Sibylla of his imagination; and he awoke to find Sibylla—what she was. The disappointment was heavy upon him always; but there were moments when he could have cried aloud in its sharp bitterness.

"Sibylla, you know the state in which some of my tenants live; the miserable dwellings they are forced to inhabit. I must change this state of things. I believe it to be a duty for which I am accountable to God. How am I to set about it if you ruin me?"

Sibylla put her fingers to her ears.

"I can't stand to listen when you preach, Lionel. It is as bad as a sermon."

It was ever thus. He could not attempt to reason with her. Anything like sensible conversation she could not or would not hold. Lionel, considerate to her as he ever was, felt provoked.

"I have bought them," coolly said Sibylla.

"Then, my dear, you must forgive me if I countermand the purchase. I am resolute, Sibylla," he continued, in a firm tone. "For the first time since our marriage, I must deny your wish. I cannot let you bring me to beggary, because it would also involve me. Another year or two of this extravagance, and I should be on the verge of it."

Sibylla flung his arm from her.

"Do you want to keep me as a beggar? I will have the ponies!"

He shook his head.

"The subject is settled, Sibylla. If you cannot think for yourself, I must think for you. But it was not to speak of the ponies that I brought you here. What is it that you owe to Mrs. Duff?"

Sibylla's color heightened.

"It is no business of yours, Lionel, what I owe her. There may be some little trifle or other down in her book. It will be time enough for you to concern yourself about my little petty debts when you are asked to pay them."

"Then that time is the present one, with regard to Mrs. Duff. She applied to me for the money this morning. At least, she asked if I would speak to you—which is the same thing. She says you owe her thirty-two pounds. Sibylla, I had far rather been stabbed than have heard it."

"A fearful sum, truly, to be doled out of your coffers!" cried Sibylla, sarcastically. "You'll never recover it, I should think!"

"Not that, not that," was the reply of Lionel, his tone one of pain. "Sibylla, have you no sense of the fitness of things? Is it seemly for the mistress of Verner's Pride to keep a poor woman, as Mrs. Duff is, out of her money; a humble shop-keeper who has to pay her way as she goes on?"

"I wish Fred had lived! He would never have taken me to task as you do."

"I wish he had!" was the retort in Lionel's heart; but he bit his lips to silence; exchanging the words after a few minutes' pause for others.

"You would have found Frederick Massingbird a less indulgent husband to you than I have been," he firmly said. "But these remarks are profitless, and will add to the comfort of neither you nor me. Sibylla, I shall send, in your name, to pay this bill of Mrs. Duff's. Will you give it me?"

I daresay Benoit can find it, if you choose to ask her."

"And, my dear, let me beg of you not to contract these paltry debts. There have been others, as you know. I do not like that Mrs. Verner's name should be thus banded in the village. What you buy in the village, pay for at once."

"How can I pay while you stint me?"

"Stint you!" repeated Lionel in amazement.

"Stint you!"

"It's nothing but stinting—going on at me as you do!" she sullenly answered. "You would like to deprive me of the horses I have set my mind upon. You know you would!"

"The horses you cannot have, Sibylla," he answered, his tone a decisive one. "I have already said it."

It aroused her anger.

"If you don't let me have the horses, and everything else I want, I'll go where I can have them."

Lionel, without another word, quitted her and walked away.

He passed on direct to the terrace, avoiding the lawn, traversed it, and went out to the large gates. Thence he made his way to Poynton's, the veterinary surgeon, who also dealt in horses. At least, dealt in them so far as that he would buy and sell when employed to do so.

The man was in his yard, watching a horse go through his paces. He came forward to meet Lionel.

"Mrs. Verner has been talking to you about some ponies, she tells me," began Lionel. "What are they?"

"A very handsome pair, sir. Just the thing for a lady to drive. They are to be sold for a hundred and fifty pounds. It's under their value."

"Spirited?"

"Yes. They have their mettle about them. Good horses always have, you know, sir. Mrs. Verner has given me the commission."

"Which I am come to rescind," replied Lionel, calling up a light smile to his face. "I cannot have my wife's neck risked by her attempting to drive spirited ponies, Boynton. She knows nothing of driving, is constitutionally timid, and—in short, I do not wish the order executed."

"Very well, sir," was the man's reply. "There's no harm done."

Lionel turned to walk out of the yard.

Jan was coming up the road from Deerham as Lionel departed, coming along with his long strides. Lionel advanced leisurely to meet him.

"One would think you were walking for a wager, Jan!"

"Ay," said Jan. "This is my first round today. The Bitterworths have sent for me in desperate haste. Folks always get ill at the wrong time."

"How is the girl?"

"In great danger," replied Jan.

"She is ill, then?"

"So ill that I don't think she'll last the day out. The child's dead. I must cut across the fields back there again, after I have seen what's amiss at Bitterworth's."

The words touching Alice Hook caused quite a shock to Lionel. "It will be a sad thing, Jan, if she should die?"

"I don't think I can save her. This comes of the ghost. I wonder how many more folks will be frightened to death."

Lionel paused.

"Was it really that alone that frightened the girl and caused her illness? How very absurd the thing sounds! And yet serious."

"I can't make it out," remarked Jan. "Here's Bourne now says he saw it. There's only one solution of the riddle that I can come to."

"What's that?" asked Lionel.

"Well," said Jan, "it's not a pleasant one."

"You can tell it me, Jan, pleasant or unpleasant."

"Not pleasant for you, I mean, Lionel. I'll tell you if you like."

Lionel looked at him.

"Speak."

"I think it must be Fred Massingbird himself."

The answer appeared to take Lionel by surprise. Possibly he had not admitted the doubt.

"Fred Massingbird himself! I don't understand you, Jan."

"Fred himself in life," repeated Jan. "I fancy it will turn out that he did not die in Australia. He may have been very ill perhaps, and they fancied him dead; and now he is well, and has come over."

Every vestige of color forsook Lionel's face.

"Jan!" he uttered, partly in terror, partly in anger. "Jan!" he repeated from between his bloodless lips. "Have you thought of the position in which your hint would place my wife—the reflection it would cast upon her? How dare you?"

"You told me to speak," was Jan's composed answer. "I said you'd not like it. Speaking of it, or keeping silence, won't make it any the better, Lionel."

"What could possess you to think of such a thing?"

"There's nothing else that I can think of. Look here! Is there such a thing as a ghost? Is that probable?"

"Nonsense! No," said Lionel.

"Then what can it be, unless it's Fred himself? Lionel, were I you, I'd look the matter full in the face. It is Fred Massingbird, or it is not. If not, the sooner the mystery is cleared up the better, and the fellow brought to book and punished. It's not to be submitted to that he is to stride about for his own pastime, terrifying people to their injury. Is Alice Hook's life nothing? Were Dan Duff's senses nothing?—and, upon my word, I once thought there was good-bye to them."

Lionel did not answer. Jan continued:

"If it is Fred himself, the fact can't be long concealed. He'll be sure to make himself known. Why he shouldn't do it at once, I can't imagine. Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Lionel.

"Well, you are so touchy on all points relating to Sibylla, that one hesitates to speak," continued Jan. "I was going to say, unless he fears the shock to Sibylla, and would let her be prepared for it by degrees."

"Jan," gasped Lionel, "it would kill her."

"No, it wouldn't," dissented Jan. "She's not one to be killed by emotion of any sort. Or much stirred by it, as I believe, if you care for my opinion. It would not be pleasant for you or for her, but she'd not die of it."

Lionel wiped the moisture from his face. From the moment Jan had first spoken, a conviction seemed to arise within him that the suggestion would turn out to be only too true a one—that the ghost, in point of fact, was Frederick Massingbird in life.

"This is awful!" he murmured. "I would sacrifice my own life to save Sibylla from pain."

"Where'd be the good of that?" asked practical Jan. "If it is Fred Massingbird in the flesh, she's his wife and not yours; your sacrificing yourself—as you call it, Lionel—would not make her any the less or the more so. I am abroad a good deal at night, especially now when there's so much sickness about, and I shall perhaps come across the fellow. Won't I pin him if I get the chance?"

"Jan," said Lionel, catching hold of his brother's arm to detain him as he was speeding away, for they had reached the gate of Verner's Pride, "be cautious that not a breath of this suspicion escapes you, for my poor wife's sake."

"No fear," answered Jan. "If it gets about, it won't be from me, mind. I am going to believe in the ghost henceforth, you understand. Except to you and Bourne."

"If it gets about," mechanically answered

Lionel, repeating the words which made most impression upon his mind. "You think it will?"

"Think! It's safe to," answered Jan. "Had old Frost and Dan Duff and Cheese not been great gulls, they'd have taken it for Fred himself, not his ghost. Bourne suspects. From a hint he dropped to me just now at Hook's, I find he takes the same view of the case that I do."

"Since when have you suspected this, Jan?"

"Not for many hours. Don't keep me, Lionel. Bitterworth may be dying, for aught I know, and so may Alice Hook."

Jan went on like a steam-engine. Lionel remained standing at his entrance-gate, more like a prostrate being than a living man.

He walked onwards, like one in a fever dream, nodding mechanically in answer to salutations; answering he knew not what if words were spoken to him. The vicarage joined the churchyard, and the vicar was standing in the latter as Lionel came up, watching two men who were digging a grave. He crossed over the mounds to shake hands with Lionel.

Lionel drew him into the vicarage garden, amidst the trees. It was shady there; the outer world shut out from eye and ear.

"I can't beat about the bush; I can't dissemble," began Lionel, in deep agitation. "Tell me your true opinion of this business, for the love of heaven! I have come down to you for it."

The vicar paused. "My dear friend, I feel almost afraid to give it to you."

"I have been speaking with Jan. He thinks it may be Frederick Massingbird—not dead, but alive."

"I fear it is," answered the clergyman. "Within the last half-hour I have fully believed that it is."

Lionel leaned his back against a tree, his arms folded. Tolerably calm outwardly; but he could not get the healthy blood back to his face. "Why within the last half hour more than before?" he asked. "Has anything fresh happened?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bourne. "I went down to Hook's; the girl's not expected to live the day through—but that you may have heard from Jan. In coming away, your gamekeeper met me. He stopped and began asking my advice in a mysterious manner—whether, if a secret affecting his master had come to his knowledge, he ought or ought not to impart it to his master. I felt sure what the man was driving at—that it could be no other thing than this ghost affair—and gave him a hint to speak out to me in confidence. Which he did."

"Well?" rejoined Lionel.

"He said," continued Mr. Bourne, lowering his voice, "that he passed a man last night who, he was perfectly certain, was Frederick Massingbird. Not Frederick Massingbird's ghost, as foolish people were fancying. Broom added, but Massingbird himself. He was in doubt whether or not it was his duty to acquaint Mr. Verner, and so he asked me. I bade him not acquaint you," continued the vicar, "but to bury the suspicion within his own breast, breathing a word to none."

Evidence upon evidence! Every moment brought less loophole of escape for Lionel to lean upon.

"How can it be?" he gasped. "If he is not dead, where can he have been all this while?"

"I conclude it will turn out to be one of those every-day occurrences that have little marvel at all in them. My thoughts were busy upon it, while standing over the grave yonder. I suppose he must have been to the Diggings. Possibly laid up there from illness, and letters may have miscarried."

"You feel little doubt upon the fact itself—that it is Frederick Massingbird?"

"I feel none. It is certainly he. Won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, no," said Lionel. And, drawing his hand from the vicar's, he went forth again, he and his heavy weight. Frederick Massingbird alive!

(To be continued.)

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

YOUR Idler is your true philosopher, for he walks coolly about, making observations at his leisure, and sees more of life in a week than a busy, bustling man does in a year. Being always about, he drops in upon things which the thousands pass by, having no time to spare; and individual trifles, which to others are merely trifles, become from his independent standpoint objects of speculation and of interest. The Idler is necessarily intensely selfish, for his only business in life is the pursuit of personal pleasure, his sole object to kill time. He is not an amiable character; but let him pass for what he is worth, and as he goes his rounds judge him by what he says with as little mercy as he metes out to others.

We were art-wise inclined last week, and loitered about for subjects of comment. We thought that we would "do" the studios of our recognized celebrities first, but we changed our plan and determined to visit the looking-glass and picture-frame galleries, and among other places look in upon Church's latest work. "Under Niagara" but we finally concluded to take a mild course of the tendency of Art at this time. Acting upon this sober third thought, we climbed up several flights of stairs and strolled into Vedder's studio, where we whiled away an hour or so in discussing pictures, schools of art and picture men generally. He has a large and varied collection of studies that he made while in Europe, which display fine feeling for art. His figures are drawn in boldly and with freedom and accuracy; his coloring is singularly rich and harmonious, and his grouping has the air of graceful naturalness. His sketches exhibit imagination and feeling, while the attention to details proves him to be a close and appreciative observer. One series of sketches which pleased us greatly was on the subject of the fable of the "Old Man and the Sea." It is illustrated in several scenes, which are full of character, broadly humorous, admirably drawn, and conceived in the true spirit, and which tell every point of the fable so faithfully that no synopsis of the subject is needed. We trust that he will produce finished pictures from these sketches. They would make a sensation. Mr. Vedder is one of our rising men—he is quite young yet, has scarcely found out his specialty, but he has so many of the strong points

of maturity in art that he is already noteworthy and of mark. Speaking of the barrenness of the American school in figure subjects, we could not but compare the facilities for study in this country and in Europe. It will be scarcely credited that in the city of New York there is but one female model! Question one artist after another, and you will get but one reply, "I use Mrs. — for my model." In fact there is but one model, and that model is Mrs. — whose classic proportions were called upon to admire in a thousand different forms. There are the casts at the National Academy, to be sure, but as they are not very favorably situated for study, and as the motto of that venerable institution is, "We never move"—and they do not—they are not of much benefit to the class for whose use they were intended. Under such circumstances it is but little wonder that figure-painting should be so lamentably behind every other department of art in America.

We next dropped in upon John Inman, the son of that Inman of whose genius the country may well be proud. We found him surrounded by many *bijou* specimens of genre pictures. He seems to have partially abandoned portrait painting for the present. To use his own words, he has been "grinding out" portraits in the southwest at the rate of one per day and a half, for ten long years, so that the human face divine has lost for him something of its angelic charm. It frequently happened that one of the "chivalry" would enter his studio in —, and announcing his intention of leaving the city next day, request to have his portrait painted to take away with him. Nothing daunted by this moderate request, the artist went to work and ground out a first-rate portrait in twenty-four hours, encircled it in a "real gold" frame, pocketed some two or three hundred dollars, and the patron and the painter were mutually satisfied. It was a fair business transaction, in which art suffered only a little.

We can well imagine that the temptation of making from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a year, in so rapid a manner, was hard to resist; but it was resisted at last, and Mr. Inman returned to this city as an artist. Judging by the sketches and pictures on his walls, he has tried his hand at every style, and with singular success in most. For instance, here is a sovered water-melon, so richly ripe, succulent and cool, that our lips fairly water; near by is the portrait of his dog Gyp, dashed in with great spirit and fidelity, preserving its characteristics, and excellent in color; opposite is a half-finished portrait of a brother artist, captured in tone and wonderful in resemblance; while on his easel is one of his clever genre pictures representing an interior, with the open old-fashioned fireplace, in which, over a wood fire, a pot is suspended, while, in the foreground, stretched full-length on the floor, his feet to the fire, is a boy, intently poring over the pictures in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and, like another Alfred, neglecting his charge. The story is well told, and the treatment is excellent.

At a second easel in Inman's studio sits one of Frank Leslie's special war artists, Edwin Forbes, who is about to return to the army of the Potomac, where he left after the battle of Antietam. He is painting up one of the many fine sketches of incidents gathered during his various campaigns, which promises to be a capital picture. Young as he is, he bids fair to be one of the first animal painters in the country. He treats his subjects with sentiment and feeling, and with a fidelity to nature and a boldness of conception which bear the evidence of an original mind. If he escapes from the Confederate bullets he will make his mark in the world of art.

In the next studio, Warren, the marine and landscape painter, is just finishing a grand group of rocks, sketched on Mount Desert, Maine. He is treating it in a bold and masterly manner. The outline is sharp and well-defined, the forms strongly marked, and the varied hues which lie on the face of the rocks, and on the mosses which fringe their edges and make a velvet carpet at their base, are counterfeited with a skill which marks the careful student of nature, and the hand practised in cunning manipulation. It is a work of high merit, but the subject owes its interest to the poetic feeling with which the artist has invested it. Of Mr. Warren's marine pictures we may speak when we drop in upon him again.

We loitered into several other studios at odd times, but what we saw and what we heard must be told in a future number.

Our special idling-place, the Opera, is closed to us for the present, and we and the thousand and one idlers are in despair. Tenors should have wrought iron throats, and not subject us, the privileged class, to inconvenient disappointment through their absurd vocal arrangements. It throws us entirely upon our own resources, interferes with the general routine and is positively a bore every way. Mr. Grau will, however, open again as soon as he has repaired damages. The latest musical on *dix* is that the ubiquitous and constantly turning-up Max Maretzek will bring back all his Italian artists from Havana, and give us an operatic season of several weeks at the Academy of Music, commencing early in March. If true, the news is refreshing.

The Bretton Children, who are giving concerts at Dodworth's Saloon, are eminently worth hearing. They are not claimed as prodigies, but as admirably trained and highly-talented youths, the oldest being hardly fourteen. The two violinists play in fine taste; their executive ability is considerable, and in precision and intonation they are singularly excellent. The little fellow who plays the cornet à piston is a marvel in his way, and his performance excited a positive enthusiasm; and deservedly so, for he is, so to speak, a master of his instrument. He is a pupil of Schieber, who should be proud of him. We are not much given to hope, for the principle is too active to agree with our constitution, but we do have a faint hope that that curious myth, "a generous public," will support these deserving and highly-talented children, by-the-by, it was suggested to us in an underhand way, that these little ones were the offspring of Palmer and Gosche, and were consequently the Li-bretto children; but such is not the fact. They are good originals, and not doubtful translations.

Our idle cousin Rumor says that our favorite Gottschalk is lying very sick at Cincinnati. We trust that it is Rumor which is lying, sick or otherwise. It is more probable that Gottschalk is sick of and not at Cincinnati. Our highly and delicately strung pianist could hardly be expected to digest pork in so many forms as that city presents, even though it be plentifully flavored with greenback sauce. Talking of greenbacks reminds us of a conundrum which, though chenchy a little upon the irreverent, will be forgiven for its wit—to wit:

"Why are the greenbacks like Jews?"

"Do you give it up? Of course."

"Because they are the issues of Abraham, and know not their redeemer."

We made an attempt to stroll into Wallack's on Saturday night, to see the "Provoked Husband;" but as some active man had taken the seat which we ought to have had, and as a true idler cannot be expected to stand, at ease, we left mildly provoked, like the Irishman on the hills. It may be well very well for Mr. Wallack to have his house crowded by name people, who insist on paying, but we can tell him that it is extremely inconvenient to us, and consequently, unlike most of our idle scribes, we shall magnanimously refrain from noticing what we did not see. We were somewhat consoled when we heard that the imperious Moss had sold even the great manager's private box, so that Wallack himself had no seat in his own theatre. We rather admire Moss.

The Jackson dynasty at Winter Garden is not very favorable to idlers; it keeps no more cots than can catch mice, and the cats, after catching the mice, are expected to board themselves. The idea is rather a good one and inexpensive, but it can hardly be characterized as liberal. We will not discuss this matter to-day, but simply record that the new piece, "The Chimney Corner," with Coudeok, Davidge, Davenport, etc., is a great and legitimate success. It is a deeply touching piece, and is acted most admirably. Every one should see it. The beautiful Cubas has also made a marked hit in "The French Spy." She is graceful and spirited, and has much force as a pantomime.

The elegant, dashing and fascinating Mrs. John Wood is still the star of attraction at Laura Keane's Theatre. This week she appears as Anne Brangirdle

in "The Actress by Daylight," and as Minnie in "Somebody Else."

The young German actor, Mr. Bandmann, created a genuine sensation by his personation, in English, of the character of Shylock. He possesses undoubtedly dramatic genius of the highest order. So thoroughly had he mastered the character, that even a newly acquired foreign language did not embarrass him. He invests the character with a new interest, and gives it, to our mind, the only true reading. From his entrance to his exit his course was a triumph. This single personation has placed him, by one leap, at the head of his profession, and the public will look with eagerness for his reappearance.

Miss Lavinia Warren, who honors Barnum's Museum by her presence, is a genuine curiosity. The little miniature woman is a real lady, and is interesting in every point of view. Her marriage with Tom Thumb is a settled fact, to be commemorated on the 10th of February, after which she will resume her private life, with her wonderful little husband. The other attractions at the Museum are as varied and excellent as usual.

A NEW PLAY AT RICHMOND, VA.

THE Southern Illustrated News is a grand pictorial paper, published on whitey brown wrapping paper, in Richmond, and contains three wonderfully bad woodcuts, which vindicate its title. Among its luxuries it rejoices in a dramatic critic who is not afraid to criticize. We learn from his column that on the 2d of January a new play was produced at the Varieties, below the Exchange Hotel, to which the admission is 25 cents—colored persons 50 cents. The novelty on the occasion was a patriotic play by a dramatist named James McCabe, Jun. He has called it "Guerillas." The Scotch critic gives the plot in these words:

"The plot of the play (if plot it has) is laid in North-western Virginia just after the Rich Mountain affair. The first scene represents a Virginia mountain-home, where a veteran of the Revolution of '76 receives from his grandson the particulars of the Rich Mountain fight. Hanging upon the wall is the sword presented the old man by Light Horse Harry Lee, and he takes it down and places it in the hands of Arthur Douglas, the hero of the piece, who is shortly after elected captain of a company of guerillas. Captain Douglas is betrothed to a Miss Rose Maylie (Miss Katie Estelle), who lives in that section. A Yankee colonel is also deeply in love with the same lady, and here lies the plot. It is the same old story that has been written about until it has become entirely threadbare—verily, like a 'thrice told tale.' In the course of the play, after the usual hardships and trials, Arthur and Rose are married—they are afterwards taken prisoners by Gen. Fremont; but Rose, through the instrumentality of a faithful negro, makes her escape, while the hero, who has been condemned to be hung, is rescued just in the nick of time by a handful of guerillas, who make a descent upon the entire Yankee army in North-western Virginia. The piece closes with the usual happy denouement."

"As a historical drama the piece possesses no merit, as well-known facts in connection with the present revolution are totally overlooked or ignored. We consider this a very grave mistake. The Southern people are making history now, and our Southern play-writers should be faithful chroniclers of the times in which we live. The rising generation demand this."

We have not space for our oyster-house friend's remarks upon the players, and must content ourselves with three specimens:

"Mr. Harrison personated Gen. Fremont. We have never seen this distinguished gentleman, and without he falls in the hands of Gen. Stuart never are likely to, without when we have taken New York we become managers of the fashionable theatre there. We therefore cannot say whether the make-up of Mr. Harrison was correct or not. It seemed, however, pretty plain that the Pathfinder was out of his path, and did not know what to say. Fremont may be as bad a man as the New York Express makes him out, and we dare say he is, but we don't think he is quite so bad a man and such a fool as Mr. Harrison makes him out. He was roared at all the evening, even his favorite contrabands guffawed."

"The Rose Maylie of Miss Katie Estelle was cold and careless. She did not seem as if she liked being cast for the part—evidently she had not 'heart upon it.' The announcement that her husband had been condemned to be hung was received with the utmost coolness and nonchalance. Notwithstanding the fact that several dates are embraced in the play, she walked through the entire piece with the same dress—a muslin body and plaid skirt."

"Maj. Tilton, by Mr. Smith, was a remarkably unfortunate individual, who was twice overcome, in mortal combat, by Arthur Douglas; yet, like a cat with nine lives, persisted in thrusting himself in the last scene to be killed again."

THE phase of civilization, moral and intellectual, which is developing itself under the Empire in France, is not to be inferred from the opening of new boulevards, the beautification of Paris, and the construction of iron-roads. It is indicated rather by the repression of the higher and better intellect of France and the advancement of pamphleteers; by the severer seclusion of what is virtuous and respectable in social life, and the staring audacity of the demi-monde, composed of lorettes and rising graces on one side, and of stock gamblers, adventurers and court favorites on the other. A late incident will illustrate our meaning. An advertisement of the Palais Royal, by no means a star of the first magnitude, has advertised a sale of "superbious" diamonds and jewels to the value of \$100,000. According to her own account, all this, and we must infer a princely fortune besides, was acquired by her through singing the rondo, "Te souvient-il de la maison dorée," and by showing herself in the "pretty costume of Pierrot" on the stage of a third-rate theatre! She tells all that is needful to know of herself in a letter to the editor of *Figaro* as follows:

"Do you remember the little singer of the Bouffes-Parisiens in her pretty costume of Pierrot? Poor thing! So very thin and delicate was she, that many were those—and you, perhaps, in the number—who thought she would end like Germaine in M. About's novel. Well, come one of these evenings to the Palais Royal and look at her: I can assure you that the fear of seeing her die of consumption will not for a moment trouble your soul's tranquillity. Certainly not. The little singer has managed to square herself in every respect; and this is the reason why she took it into her head to unload herself of some 400,000 or 500,000 francs of diamonds, genuine pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds. It is, of course, the superfluous she gets rid of; she keeps back the common necessities. I have been told that *Figaro* were kind enough to announce the sale of my diamonds it would make as much noise as that of the castle of the Dame Blanche. Such being the case, my dear *Figaro*, be pleased to inform the amateurs that the said jewels will be on view, from one to five, next Saturday and Sunday, at the Hotel Drouot, in the room No. 7, and that they will be sent to sale, according to the jargon of our *huissiers*—a bad act. Fittingly to reward you, I will go and sing at your own house the rondo you are so fond of—'Te souvient-il de la maison dorée?' Is it agreed upon? And must thanks be beforehand returned by your *commère*."

THERE are seven gaps in the Blue Ridge mountains, viz.: Vestal's, eight miles from Harper's Ferry; Salkner's, 24 miles from the ferry, through which passes the branch pike from Alexandria to Winchester; 14 miles below Ashby's is Manassas Gap, through which runs the railroad; eight miles below, in Chester's Gap, a road not much travelled passing through it; 20 miles still further down is Thornton's Gap, through which the supplies to Lee's army were hauled in wagons from Culpeper to Gordonsville.



Mah-pe-oke-na-jin, or Cut Nose.

Ampetu Tokeca, or Other Day—the good Indian.

Little Crow, the leader.

PORTRAITS OF INDIANS CONNECTED WITH THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITNEY, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

PRISON OF THE SIOUX INDIAN MURDERERS AT MANKATO, MINN.

In our last paper we gave a sketch of the execution of the 38 Sioux Indians for their share in the Minnesota Massacre. We now give a picture of the prison in which they were confined, and where those who were respited still remain. Our correspondent says:

"The doomed Indians occupied the back part of the ground floor of a large stone building in Mankato. They were chained and fettered, in pairs. On Tuesday evening they extemporised a dance, with a wild Indian song. It was feared that this was only a cover for something else which might be attempted, and thereafter their chains were fastened to the floor. When we entered, some were sitting in silence, some smoking, some lying at full length prone, apparently asleep, while others were talking unexcitedly upon indifferent subjects. We sat down near the half-breeds

while sketching the heads in the best light, for the room was poorly lighted and very crowded. They spoke to us both in French and English, both of which they spoke very well, particularly Hypolite Ange. He was a handsome young fellow. But both he and Baptiste Campbell, as well as Henry Milord, all three half-breeds, were a very sorrowful and dejected men. These three were dressed as citizens, with a blanket thrown around their shoulders; the others, with the exception of one or two, had their faces painted, and were dressed in regular Indian costume, blanket, breechcloth leggings, moccasins, etc.

"Father Ravoux spent most of the night with them, endeavoring to impress upon them a serious train of thoughtfulness at their approaching death. Success crowned his untiring efforts, several were baptised and received the communion of the Roman Catholic Church during the night, and he distributed to many of them small brazen crucifixes, which they wore suspended upon the breast. In shaking hands with Mazaha and Akips, Tazoo said:

"Friends, last summer you were opposed to us.

You lived in dread of an attack from those who were determined to exterminate the whites. You and your families bore many threats, taunts and insults, yet you stood firm in your friendship for the whites; you counselled the Indians to abandon their war against the whites. Your counsel was condemned. But now we see your wisdom. You were right when you said the whites could not be exterminated. The attempt showed folly. You and your families were prisoners, and the lives of all of them in danger. To-day you are here at liberty, feeding and guarding us 39 men, who will die in two days, because your counsels and advice were not followed."

"Several of the condemned were so overcome during the leavetaking as to be unable to speak, and made their little presents and handshakings in tremulous silence. Tazoo and a few others affected to joke and laugh in unconcern."

As a curiosity we publish three portraits of Indians connected with the tragedy: The centre one is called Ampetu Tokeca, or

"Other Day." This noble Indian rescued 62 persons from the Indian massacre at Yellow Medicine, Minn., and conducted them safely to Shakopee, Aug. 19, 1862.

That on the right side is Little Crow, the infamous Sioux Chief, who plotted and led the massacre. We are sorry to say he has escaped.

The Indian on the left is a perfect monster. His Indian name is Mah-pe-oke-na-jin, which means "Who stands in the Cloud." He is known as Cut Nose. It was found at his trial that he had murdered 18 women and children, and five men. He was executed.

Gov. SKYMOUR states in his message that New York has sent 220,000 soldiers to the war; Gov. Curtin, that Pennsylvania has sent "more than 200,000;" and Gov. Tod, that Ohio has sent 115,000.



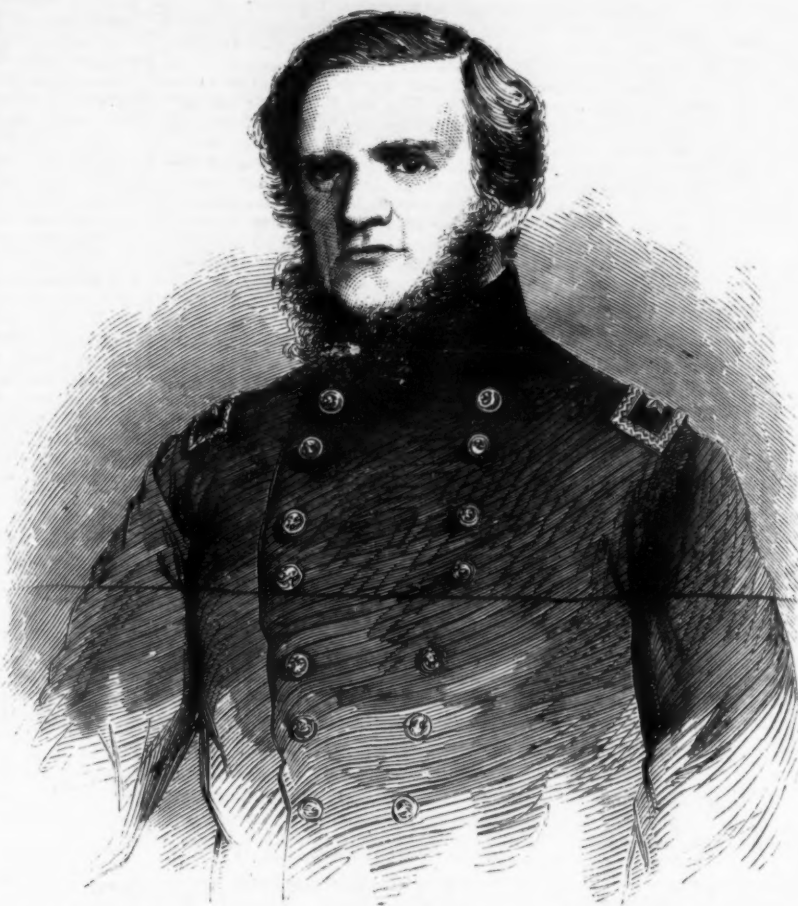
SCENE IN THE PRISON, MANKATO, MINNESOTA, WHERE THE SIOUX MURDERERS ARE CONFINED, WAITING THE DECISION OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. CHILDS.

GEN. GEO. W. MORGAN.

THIS gallant soldier, who has just sealed his patriotism with his blood, was a native of Pennsylvania, and spent two years at West Point, from June, 1841, to June, 1843, having been admitted from Pennsylvania. He became Colonel of the 2d regiment Ohio Volunteers, a twelve months' regiment, on June 22, 1846, at the head of which he marched to the battlefield in the Mexican war. He was subsequently breveted Brigadier-General for gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco, in the latter of which battles he was severely wounded. The first duty assigned his regiment was that of conveying provision trains from Camargo, on the Rio Grande, to Monterey. Information reached him that Gen. Santa Anna was marching on Gen. Taylor with an overwhelming force, and had sent Gen. Urea around with 4,000 cavalry, to cut off his supplies and intercept his retreat. Morgan was then at Cerralvo with only a battalion of about 300 men, and had to decide immediately whether to attempt to reach the river in the rear, or Monterey, more than 60 miles in front. He decided to attempt the latter. He then gathered all his stores and wagons, except one, into the middle of the plaza and burned them, and then formed his men into a hollow square, with the one wagon in the middle, and started on his perilous retreat forward. Soon Urea and his 4,000 horsemen appeared, and formed in the first open space for a charge, threatening to ride down the little band of bristling bayonets. But they rode furiously up only to break and scatter before reaching the rock of their own destruction. Again and again they formed at every convenient place only to go through with the same manœuvre. Never could Urea, with all his efforts, get his men up to the point of the bayonet, or often within convenient reach of cold lead; while onward went the resolute three hundred, never resting, except for a few moments at a time, in their tracks, and with their arms in their hands during the whole long march. In the meantime Gen. Taylor had defeated Santa Anna, and fallen back with a portion of his army to Monterey. From that place he sent out several miles two field-pieces, which drove off Urea and enabled Morgan's men to relax a little; but when he ended the march many of them were more nearly dead than alive. He had, however, accomplished his object, with the loss of only one man wounded, and he on the top of the wagon. By many acquainted with all the circumstances, it was considered one of the most remarkable feats of the Mexican war.

It will be remembered, also, that at the time the rebels invaded Kentucky, about the beginning of October last, when Louisville was threatened, he made one of the most successful movements of the present war in his retreat from Cumberland Gap.

During the battle in which he lost his life, at Vicksburg, he displayed the most remarkable gallantry and daring, inspiring his troops with like courage and valor, and leading them with the greatest ability.



GEN. GEORGE W. MORGAN, KILLED AT VICKSBURG, MISS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

DEFENCES OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

WE present to-day a most important and interesting sketch of the defences now being erected by the Confederates, under the direction of Gen. Beauregard. As the war commenced before the

walls of Fort Sumter, it is possible that it may end there. Our Artist, in forwarding the sketch, says: "I herewith send you several most important and interesting sketches of a portion of the defences of Charleston Harbor, obtained from A. P. Palmer, late of the 21st regiment South Carolina Con-

federate Volunteers, who arrived at Hilton Head on the 3d inst., he having become sick and disgusted with the rebellion, although a native of South Carolina, and till lately a determined soldier in the cause. He says he represents a large proportion of his fellow-citizens and soldiers, who, he adds, 'want to see things cleared up.'"

As Mr. Palmer was actively engaged upon the fortifications, and as Gen. Brannan, who succeeded Gen. Mitchel at Port Royal, is perfectly satisfied of his trustworthiness, the picture in our paper of to-day is of striking interest. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer says:

"From the blockading squadron off Charleston we hear that every day rebel tugboats are seen busily at work at the obstructions in the harbor. From the mastsheads of our vessels can be seen a chain of rafts securely fastened to each other, and at the present time they are building abutments to more securely fasten their rafts."

"The shore of Sullivan's Island is one continuous line of earthworks, in which are placed the heaviest of guns. Morris Island is also well fortified, so that to enter Charleston harbor will involve the use of a large fleet of vessels."

The view is taken from a rising ground behind Charleston.

BANKS EXPEDITION.

Musical Entertainment at Baton Rouge.

If anything were necessary to show the sensuous nature of music, it would be found in the eagerness with which the contraband race pursue it. Our soldiers, with that love of fun which ever distinguishes the brave when off duty, got up, a few evenings after their arrival at Baton Rouge, an extempore musical and Terpsichorean entertainment, in which the darkest element was largely and loudly represented. The hall of entertainment was one of the extensive rooms in the U. S. Arsenal building, and prominent among the promoters were the 41st Massachusetts, 131st New York, and the 25th Conn. Volunteers. One of the great features was a breakdown, which was danced or rather jumped with great vigor, by a couple of contraband juveniles.

A KANSAS editor, in reply to a communication received, replies in his own columns: "A female correspondent sends us an uninteresting piece of poetry, and requests us to publish it. The moon is called bright; the stars are flattered with their original appellation of meek-eyed; the trees come in for a full share of glory, and the falling spring is pronounced silver-plated, or something to that effect. Besides this, the poem is equally instructive on other important subjects. If Mary will send us an affidavit that she has washed her dishes, mended her hose and swept the house the week after she was 'struck with the poetic fire,' we will give in, and startle the literary world from its lethargy. For the present we say, 'darn' your stockings, and 'darn' your poetry, too."

THE poet Rogers once observed to a lady, "How desirable it is, in any danger, to have presence of mind." "Yes," she quickly replied, "but I would rather have absence of body."



"FIGHT FOR THE GUIDON"—A CAVALRY SKIRMISH BETWEEN UNION AND REBEL TROOPS IN VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. EDWIN FORBES.

REDIVIVA.

Ah! is it in her eyes,
Or is it in her hair,
Or on her tender lips,
Or is it everywhere?

'Tis but one little child
Among the many round;
Yet she holds me in a spell,
And I am on holy ground.

As I look into her eyes,
The long years backward glide,
And I am alone with Darling,
Two children side by side.

Her sash blows over my knee,
Her ringlets dance on my cheek;
And do I see her smile?
And shall I hear her speak?

O Love! so royally truthful,
That your faith and fulfilment were one!
O world! that doest so much!
O God! that beholdest it done!

She looks me clear in the face,
She says, "Please tell us the time"—
And I, "Tis twenty years since—"
Oh! no, 'tis a quarter to nine."

And the children go for their hats,
And homeward blithely run;
But I am left with the memory
In which Past and Future are one.

Ah! and was it in her eyes,
Or was it in her hair,
Or on her tender lip,
Or was it everywhere?

AURORA FLOYD.

MR. MATTHEW HARRISON and Capt. Prodder were both accommodated with suitable entertainment at the sign of the Crooked Rabbit; but while the dog-fancier appeared to have ample employment in the neighborhood—employment of a mysterious nature, which kept him on the tramp all day, and sent him home at sunset, tired and hungry, to his hostelry—the sailor, having nothing whatever to do, and a great burden of care upon his mind, found the time hang very heavily upon his hands; although, being naturally of a social and genial temper, he made himself very much at home in his strange quarters. From Mr. Harrison the captain obtained much information respecting the secret of all the sorrow that had befallen his niece. The dog-fancier had known James Conyers from his boyhood; had known his father, the "swell" coachman of a Brighton Highflyer, or Skyrocket, or Electric, and the associate of the nobleman and gentlemen of that princely era, in which it was the right thing for the youthful aristocracy to imitate the manners of Mr. Samuel Weller, senior. Matthew Harrison had known the trainer in his brief and stormy married life, and had accompanied Aurora's first husband as a humble dependent and hanger-on in that foreign travel which had been paid for out of Archibald Floyd's checkbook. The honest captain's blood boiled as he heard that shameful story of treacherous extortion practised upon an ignorant schoolgirl. Oh, that he had been by to avenge those outrages upon the child of the dark-eyed sister he had loved! His rage against the undiscovered murderer of the dead man was redoubled when he remembered how comfortably James Conyers had escaped from his vengeance.

Mr. Stephen Hargraves, the Softy, took good care to keep out of the way of the Crooked Rabbit, having no wish to encounter Capt. Prodder a second time; but he still hung about the town of Doncaster, where he had a lodging up a wretched alley, hidden away behind one of the back streets—a species of lair common to every large town, and only to be found by the inhabitants of the locality.

The Softy had been born and bred, and had lived his life, in such a narrow radius, that the uprooting of one of the oaks in Mellish Park could scarcely be a slower or more painful operation than the severing of those ties of custom which held the boorish hanger-on to the neighborhood of the household in which he had so long been an inmate. But now that his occupation at Mellish was for ever gone, and his patron, the trainer, dead, he was alone in the world, and had need to look out for a fresh situation.

But he seemed rather slow to do this. He was not a very prepossessing person, it must be remembered, and there were not very many services for which he was fitted. Although upwards of forty years of age, he was generally rather loosely described as a young man who understood all about horses; and this qualification was usually sufficient to procure for any individual whatever some kind of employment in the neighborhood of Doncaster. The Softy seemed, however, rather to keep aloof from the people who knew and could have recommended him; and when asked why he did not seek a situation, gave evasive answers, and muttered something to the effect that he had saved a little bit of money at Mellish Park, and had no need to come upon the parish if he was out of work for a week or two.

John Mellish was so well known as a generous paymaster, that this was a matter of surprise to no one. Steve Hargraves had no doubt had pretty pickings in that liberal household. So the Softy went his way unquestioned, hanging about the town in a lounging, uncomfortable manner, sitting in some public-house taproom half the day and night, drinking his meagre liquor in a sullen and unsocial style peculiar to himself, and consorting with no one.

He made his appearance at the railway-station one day, and groped helplessly through all the timetables pasted against the walls; but he could make nothing of them unaided, and was at last compelled to appeal to a good-tempered-looking official who was busy on the platform.

"I want t' Liverpool trayuns," he said, "and I can't find no wight about 'em here."

The official knew Mr. Hargraves, and looked at him with a stare of open wonder.

"My word! Steve," he said laughing, "what takes you to Liverpool? I thought you'd never been farther than York in your life."

"Maybe I haven't," the Softy answered, sulkily; "but that's no reason I shouldn't go now. I've heard of a situation at Liverpool as I think'll suit me."

"Not better than the place you had with Mr. Mellish?"

"Perhaps not," muttered Mr. Hargraves, with a frown darkening over his ugly face; "but Mellish Park be no place for me now, and ain't been for a long time past."

The railway official laughed.

The story of Aurora's chastisement of the half-witted groom was pretty well known amongst the townspeople of Doncaster; and I am sorry to say there were very few members of that sporting community who did not admire the mistress of Mellish Park something more by reason of this little incident in her history.

Mr. Hargraves received the desired information about the railway route between Doncaster and Liverpool, and then left the station.

A shabby-looking little man, who had also been making some inquiries of the same official who had talked to the Softy, and had consequently heard the above brief dialogue, followed Stephen Hargraves from the station into the town. Indeed, had it not been that the Softy was unusually slow of perception, he might have discovered that upon this particular day the same shabby-looking little man generally happened to be hanging about any and every place to which he, Mr. Hargraves, betook himself. But the cast-off retainer of Mellish Park did not trouble himself with any such misgivings. His narrow intellect, never wide enough to take in many subjects at a time, was fully absorbed by other considerations; and he loitered about with a gloomy and preoccupied expression in his face, that by no means enhanced his personal attractions.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Joseph Grimstone let the grass grow under his feet after his interview with John Mellish and Talbot Bulstrode. He had heard enough to make his course pretty clear to him, and he went to work quietly and sagaciously to win the reward offered to him.

There was not a tailor's shop in Doncaster or its vicinity into which the detective did not make his way. There was not a garment *confectioner* by any of the civil purveyors upon whom he intruded that Mr. Grimstone did not examine; not a drawer of odds and ends which he did not ransack, in his search for buttons by "Crosby, maker, Birmingham." But for a long time he made his inquiries in vain. Before the day succeeding that of Talbot's arrival at Mellish was over, the detective had visited every tailor or clothier in the neighborhood of the racing metropolis of the north, but no traces of "Crosby, maker, Birmingham," had he been able to find. Brass waistcoat-buttons are not particularly affected by the leaders of the fashion in the present day, and Mr. Grimstone found almost every variety of fastening upon the waistcoats he examined, except that one special style of button, a specimen of which, out of shape and bloodstained, he carried deep in his trousers-pocket.

He was returning to the inn at which he had taken up his abode, where he was supposed to be a traveller in the Glenfield starch and sugar-plum line, tired and worn out with a day's useless work, when he was attracted by the appearance of some ready-made garments gracefully festooned about the door of a Doncaster pawnbroker, who exhibited silver teaspoons, oil-paintings, boots and shoes, drop-eared watches, doubtful rings, and remnants of silk and satin, in his artistically-arranged window.

Mr. Grimstone stopped short before the money-lender's portal.

"I won't be beaten," he muttered between his teeth. "If this man has got any waistcoats, I'll have a look at 'em."

He lounged into the shop in a leisurely manner, and asked the proprietor of the establishment if he had anything cheap in the way of fancy waistcoats.

Of course the proprietor had everything desirable in that way, and from a kind of grove or arbor of all manner of dry-goods at the back of the shop he brought out half-a-dozen brown-paper parcels, the contents of which he exhibited to Mr. Joseph Grimstone.

The detective looked at a great many waistcoats, but with no satisfactory result.

"You haven't got anything with brass buttons, I suppose!" he inquired at last.

The proprietor shook his head reflectively.

"Brass buttons ain't much worn nowadays," he said; "but I'll lay I've got the very thing you want, now I come to think of it. I got 'em an uncommon bargain from a traveller for a Birmingham house, who was here at the September meeting three years ago, and lost a lot of money upon Underhand, and left a lot of things with me, in order to make up what he wanted."

Mr. Grimstone pricked up his ears at the sound of Birmingham. The pawnbroker retired once more to the mysterious caverns at the back of his shop, and after a considerable search succeeded in finding what he wanted. He brought another brown-paper parcel to the counter, turned the flaming gas a little higher, and exhibited a heap of very gaudy and vulgar-looking waistcoats, evidently of that species of manufacture which is generally called slopwork.

"These are the goods," he said; "and very tasty and lively things they are, too. I had a dozen of 'em, and I've only got these five left."

Mr. Grimstone had taken up a waistcoat of a flaming check pattern, and was examining it by the light of the gas.

Yes; the purpose of his day's work was accomplished at last. The back of the brass buttons bore the name of Crosby, Birmingham.

"You've only got five left out of the dozen," said the detective; "then you've sold seven?"

"I have."

"Can you remember who you sold 'em to?"

The pawnbroker scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I think I must have sold 'em all to the men at the works," he said. "They take their wages once a fortnight, and there's come of 'em drop in here every other Saturday night to buy something or other, or to take something out of pledge. I know I sold four or five that way."

"But can you remember selling one of them to anybody else?" asked the detective. "I'm not asking out of curiosity, and I don't mind standing something handsome by-and-bye, if you can give me the information I want. Think it over now, and take your time. You couldn't have sold 'em all seven to the men from the works."

"No, I didn't," answered the pawnbroker after a pause. "I remember now, I sold one of them—a fancy sprig on a purple ground—to Joseph, the baker in the next street; and I sold another—a yellow stripe on a brown ground—to the head gardener at Mellish Park."

Mr. Joseph Grimstone's face flushed hot and red. His day's work had not been wasted. He was bringing the buttons by Crosby of Birmingham very near to where he wanted to bring them.

"You can tell me the gardener's name, I suppose?" he said to the pawnbroker.

"Yes; his name's Dawson. He belongs to Doncaster, and he and I were boys together. I should not have remembered selling him the waistcoat, perhaps—for it is nigh upon a year and a half ago—on'y he stopped and had a chat with me and my missis the night he bought it."

Mr. Grimstone did not linger much longer in the shop. His interest in the waistcoats was evidently departed. He bought a couple of secondhand silk handkerchiefs, out of civility, no doubt, and then bade the pawnbroker good-night.

It was nearly nine o'clock, but the detective only stopped at his inn long enough to eat about a pound and a quarter of beefsteak and drink a pint of ale, after which brief refreshment he started for Mellish Park on foot. It was the principle of his life to avoid observation, and he preferred the fatigue of a long and lonely walk to the risks contingent upon hiring a vehicle to convey him to his destination.

Talbot and John had been waiting hopefully all the day for the detective's coming, and welcomed him very heartily when he appeared between ten and eleven. He was shown into John's own

room this evening, for the two gentlemen were sitting there smoking and talking after Aurora and Lucy had gone to bed. Mrs. Mellish had good need of rest, and could sleep peacefully now; for the dark shadow between her and her husband had gone for ever, and she could not fear any peril, any sorrow, now that she knew herself to be secure of his love. John looked up eagerly as Mr. Grimstone followed the servant into the room; but a warning look from Talbot Bulstrode checked his impetuosity, and he waited until the door was shut before he spoke.

"Now, then, Grimstone," he said, "what news?"

"Well, sir, I've had a hard day's work," the detective answered, gravely, "and perhaps neither of you gentlemen, not being professional, would think much of what I've done. But, for all that, I believe I'm bringin' it home, sir—I believe I am bringin' of it home."

"Thank God for that!" murmured Talbot Bulstrode, reverently. He had thrown away his cigar, and was standing by the fireplace, with his arm resting upon the angle of the mantelpiece.

"You've got a gardener by the name of Dawson in your service, Mr. Mellish?" said the detective.

"I have," answered John. "But, Lord have mercy upon us! you don't mean to say you think it's him? Dawson's as good a fellow as ever breathed."

"I don't say I think it's any one as yet, sir," Mr. Grimstone answered, sententiously; "but when a man as had £2,000 upon him in banknotes is found in a wood, shot through the heart, and the notes missin'—the wood bein' free to anybody as chose to walk in it—it's a pretty open case for suspicion. I should like to see this man, Dawson, if it's convenient."

"To-night?" asked John.

"Yes; the sooner the better. The less delay there is in this sort of business, the more satisfactory for all parties—with the exception of the party that's wanted," added the detective.

"I'll send for Dawson, then," answered Mr. Mellish; "but I expect he'll have gone to bed by this time."

"Then he can but get up again, if he has, sir," Mr. Grimstone said, politely. "I've set my heart upon seeing him to-night, if it's all the same to you."

It is not to be supposed that John Mellish was likely to object to any arrangement which might hasten, if by but a moment's time, the hour of discovery for which he so ardently prayed. He went straight off to the servants' hall to make inquiries for the gardener, and left Talbot Bulstrode and the detective together.

"There ain't nothing turned up here, I suppose, sir," said Joseph Grimstone, addressing Mr. Bulstrode, "as will be of any help to us?"

"Yes," Talbot answered. "We have got the numbers of the notes which Mrs. Mellish gave the murdered man. I telegraphed to Mr. Floyd's country-house, and he arrived here himself only an hour ago, bringing the list of the notes with him."

"And an uncommon plucky thing of the old gentleman to do, beggin' your pardon, sir," exclaimed the detective, with enthusiasm.

Five minutes afterwards Mr. Mellish re-entered the room, bringing the gardener with him. The man had been into Doncaster to see his friends, and only returned about half an hour before; so the master of the house had caught him in the act of making havoc with a formidable cold joint and a great jar of pickled cabbage, in the servants' hall.

"Now, you're not to be frightened, Dawson," said the young squire, with friendly indiscretion; "of course nobody for a moment suspects you, any more than they suspect me. But this gentleman here wants to see you, and of course you know there's no reason that he shouldn't see you if he wishes it, though what he wants with you—"

Mr. Mellish stepped abruptly, arrested by a frown from Talbot Bulstrode; and the gardener, who was innocent of the faintest comprehension of his master's meaning, pulled his hair respectfully, and shuffled nervously upon the slippery Indian matting.

"I only want to ask you a question or two to decide a wager between these two gentlemen and me, Mr. Dawson," said the detective, with reassuring familiarity. "You bought a secondhand waistcoat of Gogran, in the Market Place, didn't you, about a year and a half ago?"

"Ay, sure, sir. I bought a weskit at Gogran's," answered the gardener; "but it weren't secondhand, it were bran new."

"A yellow stripe upon a brown ground?"

The man nodded, with his mouth wide open, in the extremity of his surprise at this London stranger's familiarity with the details of his toilet.

"I dunno how you come to know about that weskit, sir," he said, with a grin; "it were were out full six months ago; for I took to wearin' of 't in 't garden, and garden-work soon spiles anything in the way of clothes; but him as I give it to was glad enough to have it, though it was awful shabby."

"Him as you give it to," repeated Mr. Grimstone, not pausing to amend the sentence in his eagerness. "You gave it away, then?"

"Yees, I gave it to th' Softy; and wasn't th' poor fond chap glad to get it, that's all!"

"The Softy!" exclaimed Mr. Grimstone. "Who's the Softy?"

"The man we spoke of last night," answered Talbot Bulstrode; "the man whom Mrs. Mellish found in this room upon the morning before the murder—the man called Stephen Hargraves."

"Ay, ay, to be sure; I thought as much," murmured the detective. "That will do, Mr. Dawson," he added, addressing the gardener, who had shuffled a good deal nearer to the doorway in his uneasy state of mind. "Stay, though; I may as well ask you one more question. Were any of the buttons missing off that waistcoat when you gave it away?"

"Not one on 'em," answered the gardener, decisively. "My missus is too particklar for that. She's a reg'lar toidy one, she is—allers mendin' and patchin'; and if one of 't buttons got loose she was sure to sew it on toight again before it was lost."

"Thank you, Mr. Dawson," returned the detective, with the friendly condescension of a superior being. "Good-night."

The gardener shuffled off, very glad to be released from the awful presence of his superiors, and to go back to the cold meat and pickles in the servants' hall.

"I think I'm bringing the business into a nutshell, sir," said Mr. Grimstone, when the door had closed upon the gardener. "But the less said the better, just yet awhile. I'll take the list of the numbers of the notes, please, sir; and I believe I shall come upon you for that two hundred pound, Mr. Mellish, before either of us is many weeks older."

So, with the list made by cautious Archibald Floyd bestowed safely in his waistcoat-pocket, Mr. Joseph Grimstone walked back to Doncaster through the still summer's night, intent upon the business he had undertaken.

"It looked uncommon black against the lady about a week ago," he thought, as he walked meditatively across the dewy grass in Mellish Park; "and I fancy the information they got at the Yard would have put a fool upon the wrong scent, and keep him on it till the right one got worn out. But it's clearing up, it's clearing up beautiful; and I think it'll turn out one of the neatest cases I ever had the handling of."

(To be continued.)

THE California Farmer states that several parties are making experiments of planting Sea Island and Upland cotton seeds on the low lands of the Mokelumne.

THE FEUDAL TIMES IN 1862.

A SINGULAR penitential service has been performed at Whithy, in England, for the last 700 years. It was first imposed upon Percy, Bruce and Allatoun, three gentlemen bear-hunters, who wounded a hermit in Ekedale Slie, October 16, 1159; he died of his wounds December 28th or 18th, which would be in 1160, as the ecclesiastical year begins with Advent. By this cruel murder the said Percy, Bruce and Allatoun forfeited their lives and their estates; and the Abbot of Whithy, as in duty bound, had them brought to justice, and was about to enforce the law against them, when the dying hermit interposed, saying: "I will freely forgive these men my death if they will perform this penance." And the men being present said: "Impose what you please upon us, only spare our lives." Then the holy hermit presently entreated the Abbot that their lives might be spared, if they would perform this penance for the good of their souls; and that they should also hold their lands of the Abbot of Whithy on this condition—namely, that on the Ascension Eve they should each of them cut a certain quantity of hedging near where he was killed, with a knife which shall cost one penny, and bring it on their backs to Whithy by nine o'clock A. M.—if it be full sea at such hour the penance to cease—and each of them to make a hedge at the water's edge, and to fix it so as to stand three tides without being washed away. The Abbot's officer was to attend them and to Low "Out upon you, out upon you," three times with his horn, to remind them of their heinous crime, and move them to contrition.

This service has been performed every year, as it never can be full sea at nine A. M. on Ascension Day, and it is still continued by the Allatouns and their successors, whose land is in Fylinddales. It remained in the Allatoun family till 1755, since which it has been owned by a family called Herbert, by whom the hedge has been regularly made every year, as it is expressly stipulated in their writings. Mrs. Keane, the wife of the present incumbent of Whithy, is a representative of the Allatoun family, being fourth in descent from the last Allatoun who sold the estate; but the service is not now done in a penitential spirit, and with the original design; it benefits neither the living nor the dead.

In the days of Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and the writers of that school, a novel, well—

"A novel then was nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door,
A distant novel,
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—
Old armor—and a phantom all in white—
And there was a novel!"

But all that is changed now! Seductive scamps with moustaches and soft words, who are tortured with sensibility and caprice of all sorts of sacrifices, except that of paying their wretchedness; "fast" girls who do not hesitate to prostitute their persons, but who ask our sympathies because they can "die for Alfred" who must be a fool, so be it he is really in love with them; and women always married to men whom they think it only a venial fault to deceive—these form the personnel of modern novels. A blazing ballroom, a luxurious boudoir, or a private cabinet at a latitudinarian cafe—these are the material accessories in a modern novel. We are not sure if the bald, old, supernatural system of novel-building was not the best.

THE PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA.—The Californians are anticipating the time when they shall be compelled to turn their attention to other pursuits than gold digging. Placer mining, in some parts of California, has already ceased to be profitable for white men. In 1852 gold diggers earned \$10 per day, and in 1862 they are obliged to be contented with \$2 50. It is estimated that if the fruitfulness of the gold mines continues to decrease in the same ratio as it has done for the last ten years, in 1872 no white man will be found at work in the gold mines. American writers express an opinion that in a few years California will get rich by carrying timber to China. The latter country, having been densely populated for ages, is bare of timber, and the monster forests of California could furnish that product for centuries to come, and also supply the fleets of steamers which will be required for the Chinese rivers. "The Chinese," says a Californian paper, "are alive to the benefits of river steamers, and to the advantages which shipments on European vessels give in safety and certainty of insurance. Before the pirates made the voyages of the junks almost impossible, the Chinese merchant calculated to lose one venture in three. He now avoids the risk by freightage in foreign bottoms. The opening of the rivers will call for the construction of a fleet of light draught steamers, which California can supply. We have faith that the trade may be ours if efforts be made to secure it; and that as our mills increase and labor diminishes in value we may make steady shipments of lumber to China's great valley, and, if we will, that the return vessels may be loaded with a product which will give employment to California looms and spindles. Our northern forests will respond with cheerful industry, and our shipyards give forth the productions of ingenious labor. Youthful California and Oregon will spare no aged China the surplus of their forests for the produce of her plains, made bare of wood by the wants of centuries of a dense population."

A CURIOUS experiment was lately made at Strasburg to effect the union of two animals, so that they might, to a certain degree, have a life in common, producing artificially what nature produced spontaneously in the Siamese Twins. Two white rats, of the Albino species were selected for the experiment. An incision was made on the right side of the one and on the left of the other, engaging the skin and the cellular tissue under it. The surfaces of the two wounds were kept closely together by sutures and bandages till the sixth day, when union by the first intention was found to have taken place. They then walked side by side, being united by a fleshy band. An attempt to poison both by the mouth of one did not succeed, but an injection thrown into the jugular vein of one animal was found to have entered the superficial femoral veins of the other, showing clearly that an intimate vascular union had already taken place between them. This interesting experiment may have an important bearing on restorative surgery.

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